SEPTEMBER 1988

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

NEW ZEALAND $5.95 (inc. GST)
$4.95*

US PORN QUEEN GINGER LYNN DOES DOWN UNDER

INSIDE THE NEW RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

SPRING FEVER: ALL THE BREAST FROM RIO

THE SEX QUOTIENT OF WOMEN'S MAGAZINE READERS

HOW PLAYBOY SAVED AN AUSSIE MISSIONARY FROM AN AFRICAN FIRING SQUAD

EXCELLENCE IN EXTRA MILD 25s

APB7767C JWT2443K2

BENSON and HEDGES

25

Extra Mild

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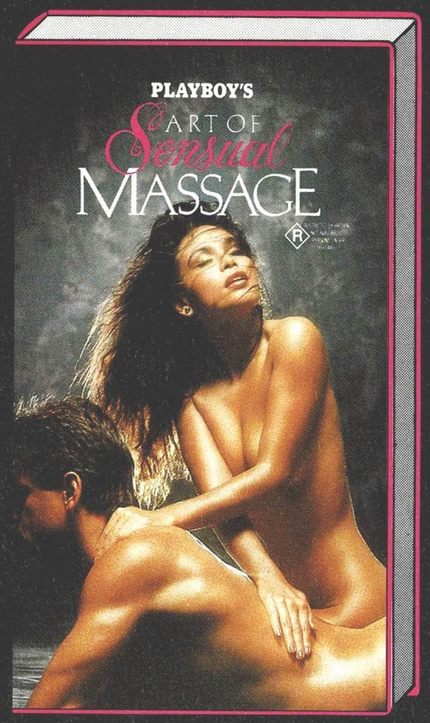

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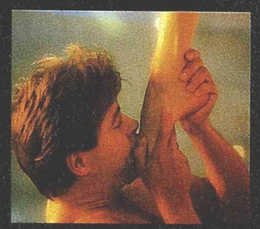

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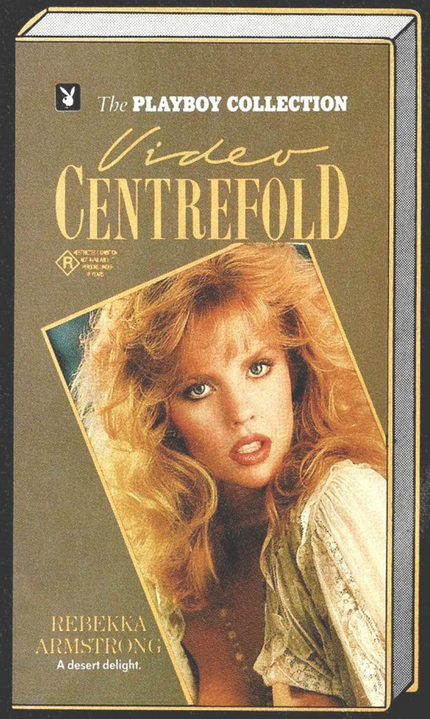
Rebekka Armstrong

In leathers or in lace, Rebekka's hotter than the desert wind and as refreshing as an oasis.



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PALACE Entertainment

playbill

Spring's bustin' out all over, and so is September *Australian Playboy*. This issue is so cram-packed with first-class articles, grade-A pictorials and eye-boggling artwork that it's just about ready to burst.

Spring, of course, is when a young man's fancy turns to women, and for guys who haven't quite understood the intricate mysteries of womanhood, we've drawn up a special report which might help a little, the *Man's Guide To Women's Magazines*, a tongue-in-cheek analysis of women according to the magazines they read. The *Playboy* staff compiled the chart, and the artwork is by one of the world's best women artists, **Olivia de Berardinis**.

This month we've also excelled ourselves (if you can pardon our modesty) with our pictorials of gorgeous women. For starters, there's our exclusive wrap-up of US porn queen Ginger Lynn's Australian tour by Californian photographer **Ed Holzman**.

We also unleash Sydney actress Jody Parker. Jody's fantasy was to get down and get dirty in a garage, which she records as the last male bastion. We indulged her fantasy. Photography is by **Bob Watson**, and the stunning styling for the shoot is the work of **Meg Gilmour**.

Actually, we've indulged in quite a bit of jet-setting this month. Our resident war correspondent and African expert, **Steve Levitt**, has come up with a story with a difference. Earlier this year a young Queensland born-again Christian, Ian Grey, faced the battle of his life when charged with espionage in Mozambique. His confession saved him from the firing squad, and our man Levitt was instrumental in bringing about his change of heart.

On the subject of politics, it's high time we had a realistic look at Russia. Is Gorbachev the great red hope for international peace? Possibly, according to leading international commentator **Robert Scheer**. Gorbachev heads a trendy new Russian regime, which realises that nuclear war is madness, but they worry if we in the west are mad enough to start the conflict.

Sport and politics aren't supposed to mix, but of course, as we all know, they inevitably do, and never more so than during the Olympic Games. On the eve of the Olympics, we sent writer **Phil Jarratt** to interview media bigshot Mike Gibson, who will be covering the Olympics for the TEN network. Photography is by **Tony Nolan**. When it comes to sport, Sydney boxing promoter Bill Mordey has seen almost all there is to see, and amazingly he's lived to profit by it. Journalist **Phil Moore** delivered 20 punchy questions and Mordey took them on the chin, jabbing back with some jarring answers. Mordey's portrait was photographed by **Vedat Acikalin**.

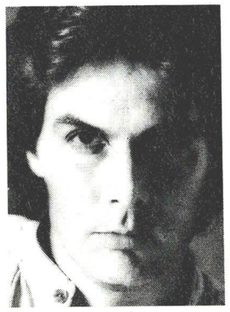
Talking of sport, Australia's most popular outdoors pastime is fishing. And fly-fishing, be it fresh water or salt water, is undergoing a boom. Strewth, it's even become trendy, and Australia's leading fishing writer, **Peter Horrobin**, explains why. Artwork is by **Kinuko Y. Craft**.

What do most Aussies do after a bout of sport or fishing? Have a beer, mate. Beer is also going through an amazing revival and former marijuana law reformer, **J.J. McRoach**, explains why the liquid amber has always been his secret vice.

Our spring issue also contains fiction by one of the world's best writers, **Harry Turtledove**, fashion editor **Vitek** previews the coming summer fashions in a big eight-page spread with photography by **Damien McGrath** and motoring editor **Rob Luck** looks at some changes we might see in the world's most glamorous cars. Artwork is by **Nigel Buchanan**.

So get ready for spring fever — indulge yourself with the September issue of *Australian Playboy*.

DE BERARDINIS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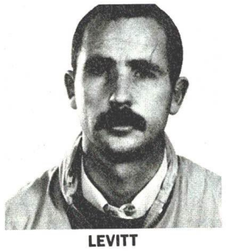
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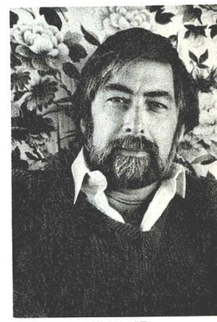
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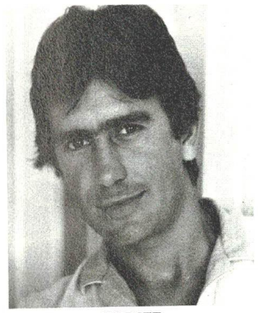
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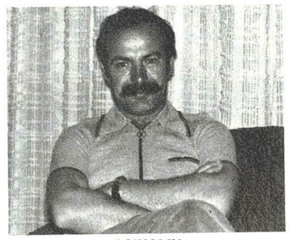
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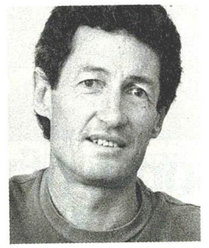
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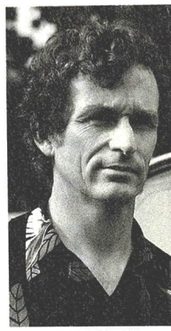
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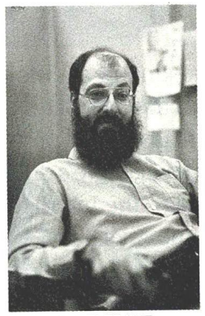
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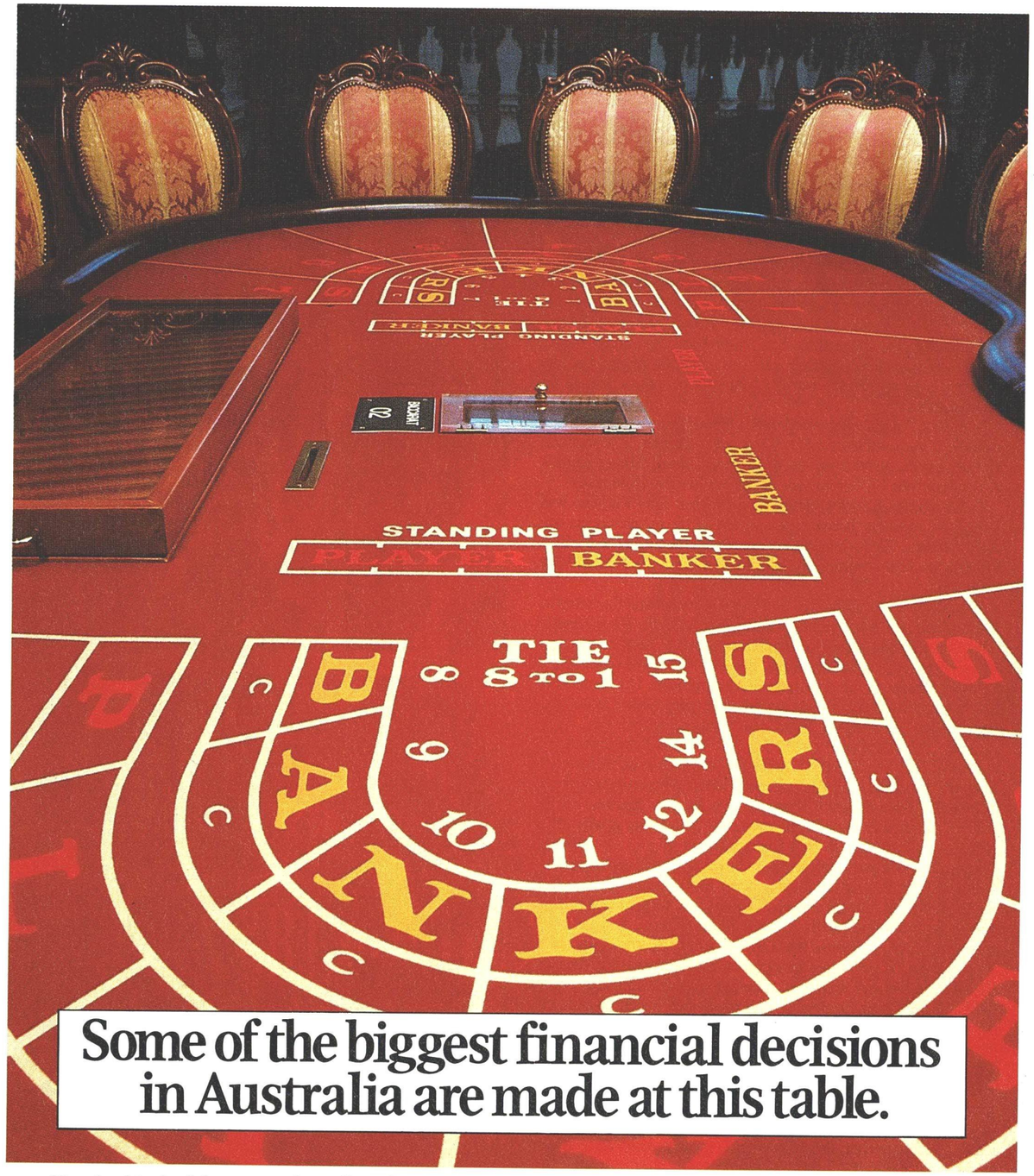

Some of the biggest financial decisions in Australia are made at this table.

Not the kind of decisions that affect the stock market, or the corporate bottom line. But the kind that can realise huge profits very quickly.

At this level, there's only one place to play; the International Room at the Adelaide Casino.

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PLAYBOY

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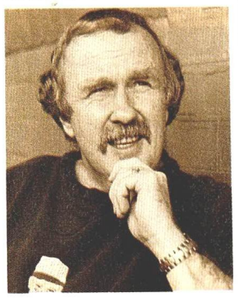
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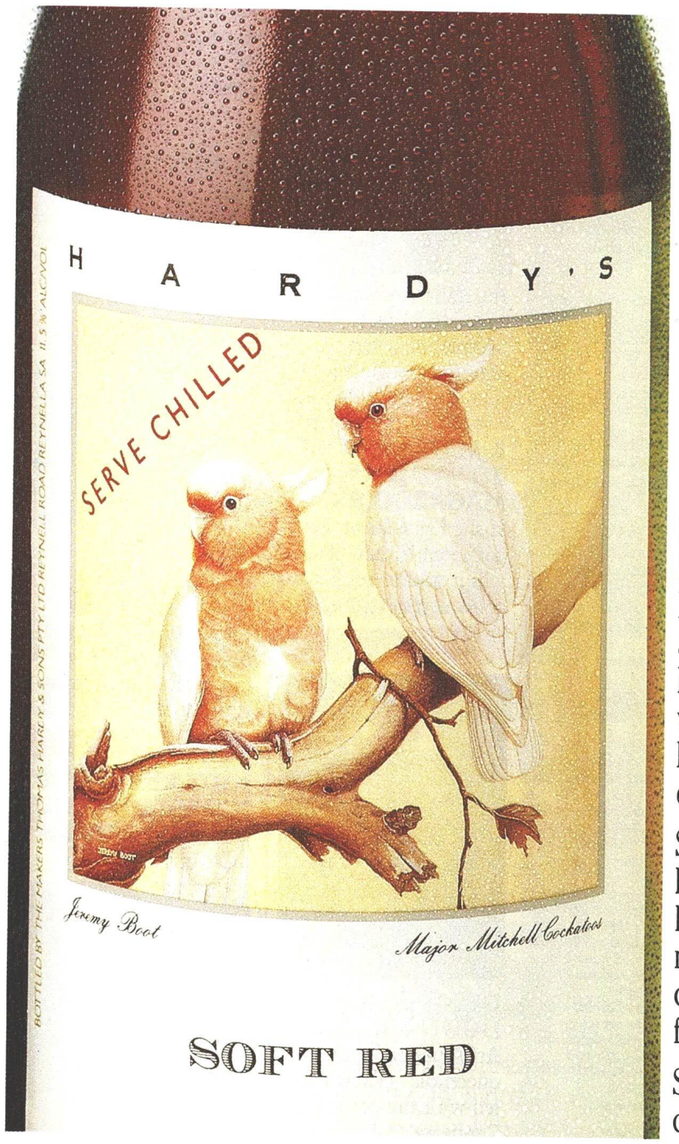

Introduce her lovingly to Hardy's Bird Series Soft Red; a light, fresh Beaujolais style of wine that, like soft French reds, is best drunk chilled.

Serve Hardy's Soft Red with beef, veal, lamb, turkey, cold meat, salads, soft cheese and spicy fish.

She'll enjoy the company. Oh la la.

WINE OF AUSTRALIA

APB 1795/A

Dear Playboy

DEADLY EARNEST

Having just read an article in your May 1988 edition entitled *A Time To Kill*, all I can say is that the only accurate thing about it is that three people died. Although I'm described as a moron and a fuckwit, my recollection is far more accurate than that recounted by Mr **Archie McCafferty**, and I am intelligent enough to write it myself.

Mr McCafferty's version of what happened revolves around the premise that a visit to his son's grave triggered off the three murders. The only way he was able to do this was by placing the murder of Mr **Anson** after the murder of Mr **Cox**. However if McCafferty's ghost writer, Network 9 crime reporter Mr **Steve Barrett**, was a journalist of any credibility he would know that Mr Anson was murdered several days before the other two men. This would seem to put a rather large hole in the theory of voices from the grave.

The reality is that the motive for all three murders was never revealed, hence the banner headlines of "Thrill Killers". **The reason that those people died was that we were operating on the theory that if you killed them they couldn't tell on you for robbing them, but as panic set in, robbery was forgotten.**

If Mr Barrett had done his job properly he would have interviewed the other people involved and he would have discovered that none of them had heard of the "seven to kill" story, or the voices from the grave, until we went to trial. As to the underwater garden gang, this little piece of imagery is the first that I have heard of it. It has only taken him 15 years to bring forward this little gem. There is no point now in going into who did what and why or how these people ended up being killed. It would seem to me that this is a vain attempt by McCafferty to justify his actions by creating a false motive for the crimes. Suffice to say that neither he nor I can justify what happened, but the courts set a penalty and we have had to pay it. If the rest of McCafferty's manuscript is as far removed from the truth as this excerpt then perhaps Mr Barrett should send it to where it belongs... the nearest garbage tip.

Michael Meredith,
Metropolitan Reception Prison,
Matraville, NSW.

A couple of points. First, Mr Barrett did not write or ghost-write the manuscript. The words are Mr McCafferty's own and we could only print what he had written. Secondly we ran the article because most people have never randomly killed other people, but are fascinated as to what goes on in the minds of men who do kill. There's always the vain hope that by recounting such scenarios we might be a step closer to discovering what drives men to kill mercilessly. But as the article proves, we never really can understand — Ed.

LONGING FOR SHANNON

I had a dream, I had a vision and I saw hope for mankind — its name is **Shannon Long**. As long as women like this walk the planet men will want to survive. And as long as *Aussie Playboy* runs photos of girls like Shannon I'll keep buying the mag.

Survivor Rob,
Cairns, Qld.

I was listening to **Bob Dylan**'s *Knocking On Heaven's Door* when I sat down to read my latest *Australian Playboy*, and Shannon Long's knockers had me knocking on heaven's door for more. So what about it, Playboy? Will you give us more of Shannon to gaze at adoringly?

Davo,
N.Ryde, NSW.

Yes — Ed.

FISHY YARN

We are a dedicated bunch of guys flying, for four or five months a year, out of the Nullarbor Hotel Motel on the Eyre Highway in South Australia's far west. We spend the good days looking for the schools of blue fin tuna out in the Great Australian Bight. When we find the tuna we direct the boats so they can catch them. When the weather is windy or bad we have to occupy our time and, besides watching the new satellite TV, we spend lots of time reading books and magazines. The fish-spotting crews and motel staff read the *Bulletin*, *Aussie* and *National Geographic*, *Surfer*, *Tracks*, *Aviation* and fishing magazines, but a great favourite is *Australian Playboy*.

We want to thank your publisher, editor and staff for all the great reading and viewing. We're especially pleased to see **Bettina Arndt**'s sex news and views up front at last. Keep up the excellent work.

Kiwi White,
Port Lincoln, SA.

VERSE OR WORSE

Bought the May edition mainly for the **Normie Rowe** interview (of course), but that wasn't quite what got my blood circulating, as you promised. (Some people do read Playbill!)

Not only did you live up to your promise but you tickled some Byronic itch deep within, so I offer you this:

Kim Basinger was Nadine's star.
She's beautiful — she's gorgeous.
And Eloise the understudy
I would say is flawless.
If Nadine boasts these peerless girls
As numbers one and two,
Then for this boy Miss Three or Four,
Or Five or Six would do.

Incidentally, Normie Rowe has a single out from *Les Miserables* called *Bring Him Home*, and all proceeds from the sale of this recording are donated to the Vietnam Veterans' Association. Though Normie said in the interview, "If I can sing, anyone can sing," I doubt anyone could produce the purity of his high notes, or one very important quality which leapt from the interview — sincerity.

Ewan Logan,
Stafford, Qld.

Write to us! Send your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that have something to say. We'll give a 12 month subscription to each letter that we publish.

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2 LITRES

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After Hours

WORLD OF PRAYBOY

With 14 separate editions of our highly esteemed magazine being published in various far-flung corners of the world, one thing we hope we can never be accused of is racism. However, we do hope we can be allowed to tease our Japanese sister ship for just a moment.

We are all aware of the difficulty Japanese have with differentiating between their r's and their l's when attempting to grapple with the English tongue, but put it down to the sheer impossibility of English as she is spoke. We were, therefore, extremely tickled to read that *The Secret Story Of Lingerie* (which readers will remember in *Australian Playboy* as *Wonders Down Under)* has been attributed to one **Richard Fegrey,** who of course is really **Richard Fegley.**

Oh well, at least they didn't call it *The Secret Story of Ringerie* by **Richard Fegrey.**

GREAT MOMENTS IN BANK-TELLING

Only the Brits have truly mastered the art of queuing, which they learned the hard way during wartime shortages, but the penalties for those who transgress can be severe even today. An English counter clerk tells how the Barclays Bank where he worked was busy one lunchtime and there was a long queue.

"All at once a man ducked under the rail, stuck a gun over the counter and demanded the money in my cash drawer. I was about to follow the manager's instructions to hand over some money and press the alarm bell when Mr **Bobby Grove** came up behind him and, shouting 'Queue jumper!', grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and marched him out of the bank and into the street. It was quite a relief."

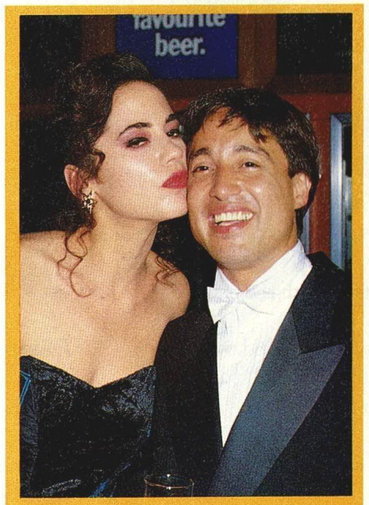
You can say that again. The British sense of decorum must be maintained at all costs.

THATSH MY SHTORY, OFFISHER

Enforcement of English drink-driving laws is not as sophisticated as here in Australia and sometimes misunderstandings can occur. Like the case where Mr **Gifford Russell** was very upset when PC **Leslie Wedderbray** described him as "the most sodden person I have ever seen at the wheel".

"I am quite innocent," he insisted. "After a telephone call from the landlord of the Four Pelicans saying that my wife needed a lift, we were stopped just after I picked her up. My speech was slurred because I have a speech impediment. My eyes were glazed because I was wearing new contact lenses. I could not walk a straight line because after many years at sea I have a naturally rolling gait. My steering was not quite true because my wife was trying to seize the wheel. And I smelled of drink because she threw a pint of cider over me as I was leading her out of the Pelicans."

Good old Aussie breathalyser know-how would have cleared this man's name in an instant. . . we think.



PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR CAUGHT IN INTIMATE EMBRACE WITH COKE DEALER

Okay, relax, it's just that our delectable Maori princess Desiree Brown saw the chance to steal a kiss from Hechter Ubarry who shot to stardom in *Crocodile Dundee II* as the cocaine dealer Hoges tangles with.

WHEREFORE ART THOU, JOH?

Things continue from bad to worse in our very own banana republic. We heard recently of a gent who went into a Holland Park chemist to stock up on condoms.

"What sizes do they come in?" he asked the spunky young blonde behind the counter rather sheepishly.

"Jeez, mate, one size fits all," came the reply.

"Actually I was simply asking about the size of the packets," said the embarrassed banana bender.

Hang on, we knew you could now get frangers out of machines in Queensland, but we didn't realise they were available in chemists as well!

And to top it all the Brisbane *Sunday Sun* reports the case of a chap on a northside bus who dropped his bag, which burst open to reveal a copy of *Playboy.* Even then, stoic Queenslanders might not have blushed, had he not turned out to be a preacher at the local church.

We're sure it was simply purchased as illustrative material for a hell-fire sermon.

DOPES ON DOPE

A San Francisco man was aboard a train when he complained that someone had tampered with his suitcase. When officials examined his luggage they discovered it contained nearly 5kg of cocaine. He was arrested.

An airline passenger arriving in North Carolina was marginally smarter. He had already checked in his cocaine-laden luggage when he was stopped by police at the gate. Thinking super fast, he retrieved a stranger's suitcase from the baggage claim. Alas, it contained a bag of marijuana.

Ah well, might as well be hung for a lamb as a sheep.

If you manage to snap something ridiculous or notice an outrageous piece in your local paper, we'll pay $25 for anything we can use. Contributions to: After Hours, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

DRIVERS OF THE NEW FIAT FLAGSHIP should enjoy a richer existence.

Not just because of an attractive $44,995* price. But because – for once – instead of the buyer spending more, Fiat has spent more.

$850 million dollars to be exact. To develop more of a motor car, the new twin cam, 2-litre fuel-injected Fiat Croma.

Happily for our finances the car is already a success in Europe, with more than 123,000 sold. But then money and brainpower have made Croma an exceptional car.

Or should we put this down to the designer, the legendary Georgio Giugiaro (pronounced Gee-jar-o).

Arguably the world's best at his trade, he penned a distinctive, high tail, 5-door hatchback shape.

One that exhibits outwardly curving doors, fewer body panels for cleaner lines and an ultra low 0.32 drag factor.

We hope you approve.

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Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

SHE'S REALLY ASKING FOR IT

My wife and I are both 23 and have been married for less than a year. Here's what bothers me. She'll come on to me and want to do a lot of hugging and kissing, but then many times, when I want to go on and make love, she says she's not really in the mood.

What gives? Is she just teasing? Should I be more persistent?

— Mr F.C., ACT.

All that smooching, and cuddling up to you, she's asking for it all right. The problem is she has quite a different "it" in mind from the one you do. What she is after is physical affection — cuddles, kisses, caresses, arms around her, an affectionate stroke of the neck, a nuzzle here or there. But that's it. To her, these are much needed signs that you love her, that you want to be close to her. And for her this physical affection has nothing to do with sex. Sure, sometimes lots of cuddles will cause other desires to emerge, one thing can lead to another. But often that closeness is all she wants and the more you interpret her behaviour as a sexual come-on, the madder she will get and the less she will be willing to approach you — for affection, or for anything else.

But play your cards right, give her lots of the first, separately from the second, and the chances are you'll end up with plenty of both.

JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH

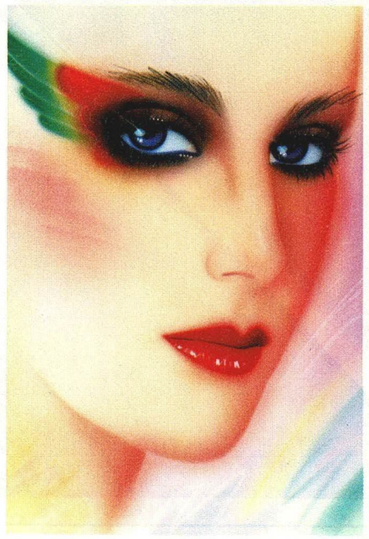
I am a 32-year-old woman and recently started a new relationship with a guy who makes me feel great. In the past I used to find it very hard to tell my lovers what I wanted and often I would end up faking orgasm because I didn't want them to know I wasn't coming. Well, this time it is different. I have no problem getting turned on and in fact I seem now to be developing the opposite problem. I can't get enough! Often after I have climaxed I find myself wishing it was not all over — I know I could go on and have many more orgasms if I had the chance. When I am masturbating I have no problem carrying on for hours — at least that's what it seems like.

My problem is I am scared of telling him that I don't want to stop after the first orgasm. He knows I had real trouble coming before I met him and he is really pleased that I am so different with him. I do not want to ruin his confidence by telling him I still want more and am not satisfied. And it's not really that. Sex with him is great and I do feel good afterwards — it's just that I sometimes have this feeling that I'd like to see what it would be like to have more.

— Ms B.V., NSW.

There are many women like you who are nervous of telling their lovers that they would enjoy more than one orgasm. When you know a man really gains a great deal of pleasure out of satisfying you, it can be a little hard to ask for a second helping. Here the poor man slaved away, piled her plate high and assumed she had taken her fill. And now the demanding woman turns around and tells him she still wants more!!

It is possible to tackle the issue without taking the wind out of his sails. I'd suggest that one day, when you are in a nice relaxed, sexy mood, you introduce the topic of multiple orgasms, perhaps asking him if he has known women who climaxed more than once. If he is not keen to talk about his own experiences, he may be happy to just talk in general about the topic so you can gain some impression of what he knows and how he feels about this aspect of women's sexual response. You may well find he is anything but threatened by the idea of a woman who can experience multiple orgasms. Many males love being with a woman who has the capacity to experience prolonged pleasure and very much enjoy seeing just how long they can continue to satisfy her. If he has any doubts about his ability to satisfy such a woman, you could use the opportunity to reassure him that it isn't necessary for a guy to endlessly maintain an erection, and continue to have intercourse in order to satisfy her. Once he has climaxed, he may prefer to switch to using oral sex or manual stimulation, rather than continuing to have intercourse. Often men don't realise that even if they lose their erection after they climax, if they continue to have intercourse, using a position where there is firm pelvic contact, this will often be sufficient to keep the woman aroused and help her experience further orgasms. A soft penis doesn't mean you are out of action — merely that you have to adjust your technique to provide different sorts of stimulation.



A PAIN IN THE ARSE

I've noticed that sometimes, often after a long period of abstinence, or a long love-making session, I get an intense cramp around my rectum at ejaculation. Is this unusual? I am 43 years old.

— Mr F.A., WA.

No. It is not unusual, nor is it anything to worry about. Both men and women occasionally experience rectal pain associated with intercourse. The lower rectum and the genitals are both served by the presacral nerve and the contractions that occur during orgasm also include contractions of the anal sphincter and the neck of the bladder. Although these anal contractions are not normally painful, in some people, or under some circumstances, they cause unpleasant or painful cramping. This is more likely to happen in men than women, since ejaculation seems to produce more anorectal contraction than female orgasm.

In some people, rectal muscle spasm may be the source of the pain. Just as you can have cramping of muscles in your feet or legs, you can have muscle cramps around the anus. This may be more likely if lovemaking has involved direct rectal stimulation.

If you were to experience severe rectal pain after every ejaculation, it would be necessary to seek a medical examination to rule out various rectal disorders such as an anal fissure.

THE OLD DRY VAGINA SYNDROME

My wife never seems to get enough lubrication in her vagina. It's not that she's not aroused: she does appear to be climaxing, at least as far as I can tell. She says she has always been like this. It is a second marriage for both of us, we have only been married a few years and before this she

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was married to a man who was not very interested in sex. So this is the first time she has started to enjoy sex.

We've wondered about using an artificial lubricant such as KY jelly but I know that's frowned upon as taking the easy way out. Believe me, we've tried everything. When she is so dry I often have trouble inserting my penis — and I am nervous of doing so because I am afraid it will cause her pain. But actually she seems to be okay and it is my penis which ends up getting irritated and sore.

— Mr F.D., Qld.

As you have realised, the most common cause of vaginal dryness is lack of arousal and this is why artificial lubricants are often discouraged.

In your case, it appears that your wife is experiencing arousal and orgasm despite the fact that her vagina remains dry. There are various health-related problems which can cause vaginal dryness and it certainly would be a good idea for your wife to have a physical examination to check out some of these possibilities. There are medications which can interfere with a woman's ability to lubricate. These include certain drugs used in treating peptic ulcers, some tranquillisers, narcotics, sedatives and antihistamines. There are also a number of medical conditions which affect lubrication. You may need to find a medical practitioner experienced in sexual counselling.

You also do not mention how old your wife is, but since it is her second marriage, it could be that she is an older woman and has already experienced menopause. The hormonal changes which occur in post-menopausal women can also cause vaginal dryness plus thinning or atrophy of the vaginal walls which sometimes leads to pain and discomfort during intercourse. Hormone therapy can be used to replace the hormone oestrogen which is responsible for these changes. Women who have had hysterectomies may also suffer these symptoms, especially when the ovaries are removed during the surgery. If your wife falls into any of these categories she should talk to her doctor about oestrogen-replacement therapy.

Some oral contraceptives may decrease the ability of the vagina to lubricate and women who have just had a baby may also suffer vaginal dryness due to loss of oestrogen. This applies particularly to breastfeeding mothers.

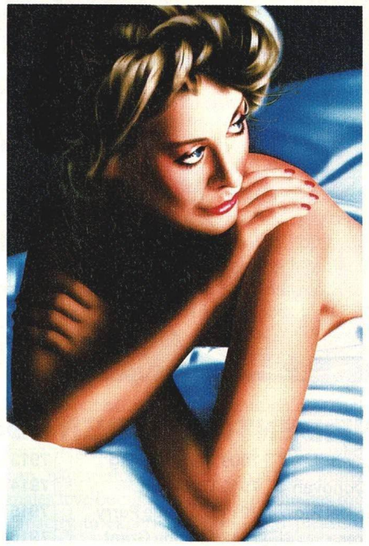
Having said all that, I would also suggest you do go ahead and try using an artificial lubricant such as KY jelly. Sometimes when you do apply a suitable lubricant, you find the extra wetness greatly enhances arousal and may even help your wife increase her natural lubrication. It will also reduce your discomfort — which should help you both feel more relaxed. Even after all the investigations I have mentioned, you may find your wife falls into a category of women who just don't seem to produce as much lubrication as they need. Women vary in this response — as they do in every other. If she is just made that way, it is best that you accept it and find some means of making your lovemaking a little easier, to enhance the pleasure you are already receiving.

JUST CAN'T GET IT UP!

I am feeling rather shattered after the disastrous end to a relationship I have been involved in for the past few months. We had been going out for quite some time before anything remotely sexual happened. In fact at the time I wondered about what was going on. It is fairly rare that a man shows no sign of wanting to get into bed but I decided that perhaps he was just an old-fashioned sort of guy. Anyway, finally I pushed things along a bit.

Then it became obvious what was wrong. He didn't seem to be able to get an erection no matter what I did. I really didn't know quite what to do. It had never happened to me before. I've been around a bit and I have had the occasional bloke who had a bit too much to drink — that sort of thing — but never quite like this.

In the end, I just sort of gave up and didn't say anything because I didn't want to make him



feel worse. The next day I made a joke about brewer's droop but it didn't go down very well. I was kind of hoping it would help him talk about it but he didn't seem to want to. Well, the next time the same thing happened and from then on things went from bad to worse. Most of the time he'd make excuses to avoid going to bed, or if he did, he'd say he was tired and would just roll over and go to sleep. When we would attempt to make love, he'd just seem to give up without trying and he never attempted to do anything for me. I ended up getting really pissed off with him one night and making some bitchy remark which led to a horrible row. At the end of it all, he just walked out and I haven't seen him since.

I realise the relationship is doomed — a pity as we got on so well in other ways. But I just wonder what I could have done to help him

— Ms B.N., Vic.

It is very tricky trying to help a man who is having problems getting an erection. What makes it worse is the fact that often the man will pretend it is not happening and will try to avoid sex rather than face up to the problem. It is far easier for both the man and the woman if the man is willing to talk about what he is feeling.

Men in this situation might like to read the excellent self-help book on erectile problems — *It's Up To You* (Williams And Wilkins, Adis Pty Ltd, 1985). This book, written by Sydney psychiatrist Warwick Williams, includes excellent advice on treating impotency problems but also covers the type of relationship problem you are asking about in your letter. What should a single man with a history of erectile problems do to warn new partners? Why do some women react with hostility to a man's erectile failure and how do you deal with this?

As to your problem, it might have been better to say something a little less flip at the time rather than leave it until the next morning when the poor man had the whole night to stew over the problem. In any case, when a man is obviously having difficulty getting it up, the last thing you should do is work on the penis in the hope of reviving it. Far better to ignore it and concentrate on other parts of his body, or encourage him to do things for you. The more he concentrates on pleasing you — through touching, caressing, oral sex or whatever, the more likely it is that he will relax and eventually become aroused. The woman should do everything she can to make it clear she is not dying to rush into intercourse but is perfectly happy being made love to in other ways.

If and when the man does eventually get an erection in this circumstance, you shouldn't leap on it and try to put it into action. That is likely simply to frighten it away. It would be better to ignore it — the longer he has the opportunity of making love to you while he is aroused, and has an erection, the better for his confidence.

One final point. You found yourself getting angry when your man didn't show any sign of being willing to satisfy you through other means when he couldn't get an erection. You have to understand that a man in this circumstance often is so focussed on the failure of his penis that it never occurs to him that he could satisfy his partner without an erection. But I wonder whether part of your anger may have been due to your own insecurities. When a man fails to get an erection, often his partner finds herself wondering if she is the cause of the problem. Perhaps he doesn't find her attractive, or sexually exciting, perhaps he doesn't really want to go to bed with her? Such thoughts sometimes are expressed through hostility and anger — which only make the whole situation worse. You too must learn not to take it personally.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address c/- *Australian Playboy*, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.

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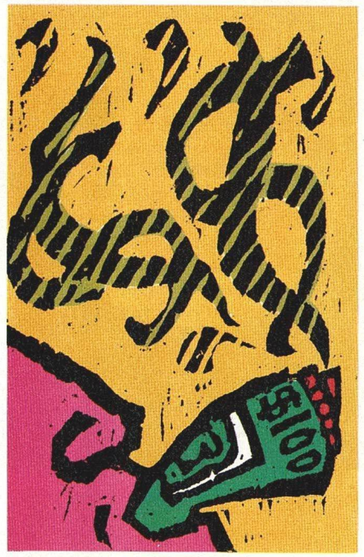
Money

Let's not be delicate. This is a column about money: how to get it, where to invest it and how to spend it wisely. If you ever hope to achieve financial independence, if you are at all "into" money, the suggestions made here constitute the tools of the trade. But by themselves they cannot make you rich. You can learn all there is to know about shares, bonds and debentures and still remain poor. Why? Because you lack the entrepreneurial spirit. It takes guts, motivation and business flair to really make it big in the world of high finance.

How can you tell if you have what it takes to be the next **Rupert Murdoch** or the future **Alan Bond**? You can undergo five years of expensive psychoanalysis to find out. Better still, you can analyse yourself. The following personality test has been distilled from volumes of scientific research by the nation's most talented management consultants. The questions may appear frivolous, but they tap basic business traits (trust me). Just answer each question as honestly as you can and don't peek at the scoring key until you finish.



Are you entrepreneur material? Take our quiz and test your killer instinct.

BUSINESS PERSONALITY INVENTORY

1. On your way to your daughter's wedding you have a motor car accident. The other driver is trapped in his car. The first thing you do is:
(a) Call your daughter.
(b) Call a doctor.
(c) Call the police.
(d) Call a lawyer.

2. What do you do when the *60 Minutes* crew turns up unannounced at your office?
(a) Keep them busy while your travel agent books you on the next flight to Rio.
(b) Send them away by pretending that you are your own twin brother, the priest.
(c) Ring your lawyer.
(d) Invite them in for a friendly on-camera chat. (Recommended only for those with a completely clear conscience.)

3. In *The Wealth Of Nations*, **Adam Smith** wrote about the "invisible" force that makes capitalist economies so successful. He was probably talking about:
(a) laundered money the taxation department cannot "see".
(b) covert operations carried out by Australian intelligence (if there really is such a thing).
(c) secret messages hidden in muzak.
(d) insider trading.

4. The best job is the one:
(a) that provides ample opportunity for self-actualisation.
(b) that carries six weeks annual leave, long service leave, birthday leave, paternity leave, education leave, jury duty leave, army reserve leave, compassionate leave, personal leave and sick leave.
(c) with the permanent public service.
(d) that pays the most.

5. Which is your favourite fictional character?
(a) **Robin Hood**
(b) **Scrooge McDuck**
(c) **Superman**
(d) **J.R. Ewing**

6. Lunchtime for you is:
(a) 50 laps in the health club pool.
(b) four schooners, two fags and a bag of crisps.
(c) a chance to spend quality time with your wife.
(d) nothing. Lunch is for wimps.

7. Your salary is:
(a) too small to live on.
(b) spot on the national average.
(c) unimportant. You work for the gratification of a job well done.
(d) your value as a human being.

8. The most important personality trait an entrepreneur can have is:
(a) a sense of the fleeting absurdity of existence.
(b) natural humility.
(c) compassion.
(d) a killer instinct.

9. Which of the following quotes best describes your philosophy of life?
(a) Gather ye rosebuds while ye may.
(b) Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.
(c) Neither a borrower nor a lender be.
(d) Never give a sucker an even break.

10. If you could be any successful empire builder, who would you choose?
(a) **Rupert Murdoch**
(b) **Hugh Hefner**
(c) **Christopher Skase**
(d) **Attila The Hun**

11. Which is your favourite pastime?
(a) Helping the poor.
(b) Watching TV.
(c) The boss's wife.
(d) Working late.

12. Your favourite fantasy is:
(a) a life of idleness.
(b) making it with an entire female heavy-leather rock group.
(c) building hotels on both Park Lane and Mayfair.
(d) none. You're too busy working to daydream.

13. Which gives you the most satisfaction?
(a) Scoring with the new receptionist.
(b) Firing the new receptionist when she shoots you down.
(c) Getting your picture in the social pages.
(d) Making that big sale.

14. When it comes to booze, successful businessmen always order:
(a) no more than two beers before breakfast (unless away from home).
(b) designer drinks (a Flaming Lamborghini, for example).
(c) nothing. Businessmen never drink.
(d) a lot, but consume less than their clients or competitors.

15. Which of the following clichés is most likely to be true?
(a) The best things in life are free.
(b) A fool and his money are soon parted.
(c) Of course I'll respect you in the morning.
(d) Time is money.

Okay, so now you've answered all those questions like good little yuppies, turn to page 111 to find out how well you fare in the entrepreneurial stakes.

— SETH GREGORY

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Women

There are two types of women in the world, and I am not acquainted with one type at all.

"Do you want to date a man with money?" I asked.

"What the hell for?" Rita asked back. "He'd just want to boss me around."

"Would that mean he'd be wearing a suit and tie?" wondered Cleo. "Because I couldn't take that."

"I want to make my own money," said a very pregnant Nessa. "I couldn't ask my husband to compromise his work."

"You mean someone who would pay his share of the meal?" asked Lynn.

"You mean someone who would pay his share of the rent?" asked Erin.

Personally, I have never even *known*, let alone slept with, a rich man. Neither have any of my friends, though one married a guy when he was poor and now he is rich.

Yet, in response to my March column about handling success, I got a bevy of letters from men telling me that it was no picnic to be them; all the girls wanted guys with Porsches and hefty investment portfolios. One bloke even wrote, "Come on, did you ever date a guy with less money than you? I think not."

I think so. I have never dated a guy who had *more* money than I had. But enough about my dating.

After a vast amount of thought and searching for cash-obsessed bimbos, I have formulated the two-types-of-women theory: there are Professional Girls and there are Amateur Girls. We're talking about two entirely different species.

Professional Girls are desperate for a boyfriend with an American Express Platinum Card. Amateur Girls are desperate for a boyfriend who can deliver a good punch line.

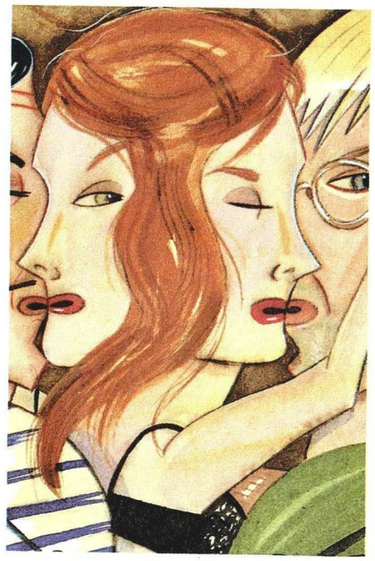
Professional Girls consider beauty salons as necessary as breathing. Amateur Girls have been known to take the kitchen shears to their hair in a PMT-induced frenzy.

Professional Girls pay someone to slather hot wax on their crotch and rip off half their pubic hair in order to have a perfect bikini line. Amateur Girls cry and tremble and diet at the thought of anyone's seeing them in a bathing suit.

Professional Girls want security. Amateur Girls want hot sex.

Other Amateur Girls and I have been saddened by the knowledge that most men want Professional Girls.

Oh, yes, you do. I have been to cocktail bars all over the land. I have been to parties, I have worked in offices. And I have beaten my breast in anguish while watching men ooze around that woman with the perfectly streaked blonde hair and the pearlised eye shadow. You always go bonkers for that Professional Girl; oh, yes, you do.



I don't want a guy with money. He'll only expect me to cook and iron for him.

And meanwhile, we Amateurs stand there, discreetly trying to pull our panty hose back up, vague mascara smudges under our eyes, deciding then and there to read that awful book by Dr Toni Grant that we think tells us to be a bitch and men will love us.

Oh God, don't get me started.

The difference between the species is not simply grooming.

Nor is it a psychological phenomenon. Sure, Professional Girls are ball-busters, but not because their fathers spoiled them rotten or their mothers were icy. The difference is political.

Professional Girls exist solely in the mainstream of society. They've bought the whole cloth of traditional mores. In the deepest recesses of their souls, they firmly believe that men have been placed on this earth to take care of them. And they fully expect and want to be taken care of. Most of their actions are directly related to the goal of having someone else pay the bills.

Whereas we Amateurs have taken that critical step back and looked at the whole deal. And it frightens us. We don't want to be taken care of, because we have noticed that when someone else pays the rent, we lose autonomy, we are no longer the captains of our souls. Somebody may expect us to have dinner on the table at 6pm sharp, and maybe we've decided to take French lessons that evening. Sure, we want to throw our lot in with a man, but we have this niggling notion of being an equal partner. We don't want to feel trapped by him.

Although we may truly want to be beautiful and desirable, it is not our overriding obsession; we don't need beauty to snare a meal ticket.

So we'll forget to get our hair cut and feel too lazy to go to the gym, and the next thing we know, the men are clustered around that goddamned blonde. We're not perfect sex objects, because we don't regard men as success objects.

So if you guys are finding your love lives ridiculous because of a lack of funds (either temporary or permanent), maybe you're looking in the wrong direction. Maybe you'll have to change your politics.

Consider a different way of life, a life in which your woman often has a run in her stocking.

A life in which you may have to learn how to make a white sauce and change a baby's nappy. A life in which the bed isn't always made, your shirts lie unironed for weeks and you can't find a single clean matching sock.

Come on, it may not be so bad. If you suddenly decide to quit being a $400,000-a-year mergers-and-acquisitions lawyer and write that novel you've always felt you had in you, nobody will come at you with a meat cleaver.

Somebody may instead pull up her socks and start a successful greeting-card business so that you can still spend Easter in Bali and the kids can have shoes.

Yes, you may have to abdicate being king of all you survey (often a project home on a quarter acre) and feel as if you were living in some kind of hippie-Commie commune, for Christ's sake; but won't it be nice to know that your woman is with you because she loves you and your cute neck, not because if she leaves you, she'll lose her powder-blue Lamborghini and her beautiful French-provincial bedroom suite?

Next time you're prowling for pussy, avoid the streaky-haired blonde with the pearlised eye shadow.

Instead, look behind a pillar for the girl with the streamer of toilet paper stuck to her heel. — CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Elle Macpherson. Cardmember since 1985.

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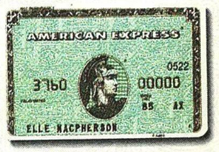

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The king is dead, long live the king. John C. Holmes, aka Johnny Wadd, died March 12, 1988. A lot of men took note of his obituary. It is rumoured that he died of AIDS brought on by a bad drug habit and the sharing of IV needles. "His death was not the result of the excesses of sex but of the excesses of drugs," said Bill Margold, a former porn actor and longtime associate of Holmes. "It was the result of a whole series of abuses to his body in one way or another."

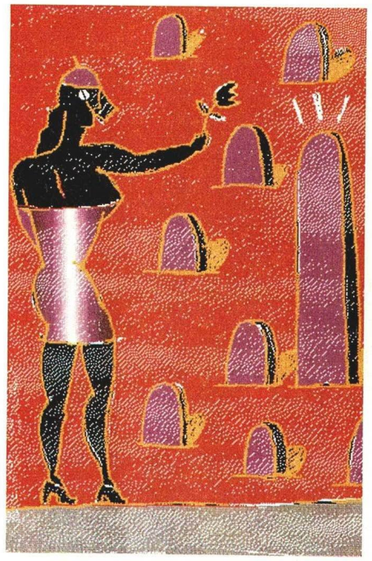
No doubt, the man abused his body, but in some wonderful way, Holmes was a universal male role model. He is a man we're going to miss, the guy who lived out our fantasies on camera, the man who brought a smile to our faces and helped us pretend we were superlovers all, gigantic and invincible. The king may be physically dead, but for most of us, he lives on in our imaginations as a symbol of enjoyment and virility. The puritans in this culture will scold us for that, but it's true: Johnny Wadd is a vital part of male history and psychology, and to us, he's as famous as any movie star.

Holmes starred in thousands of heterosexual sex films, most of them "loops", 10-minute specials made for exhibition in movie machines in adult bookstores. He claimed that he had had 14,000 women as sexual partners. By rough calculation, that means he made love to an average of 460 women per year, assuming he started his magnificent career at the age of 13.

I don't know how to tell you this, ladies, but in our heart of hearts, most men chuckle at such a thought. In fact, if God Himself came down and spoke to most 13-year-old males and said, "Son, I have good news and bad news. The good news is that you will be allowed to have sex with several hundred attractive women per year; the bad news is that you'll die at the age of 43. Care to go for it?"

I am here to tell you that most of those 13-year-olds would be stuck for an answer. They would debate that one, I guarantee it. That may irritate you, ladies, but it's an accurate description of who we are as men — horny little fuckers from an early age.

Holmes was a scrawny white guy with an enormous dong that was reported to be 14 inches (35cm) long. In the simple, primitive male consciousness, a humongous tool is an object of respect and glory. We do salute it, yes, indeed, and in that salute, there's a tinge of wishful thinking. I know that I'd always wished I could borrow Holmes's dick for a weekend — not for myself, of course, because I'm hung like a horse and have to strap my dick down to my ankle and have no sexual insecurities at all — but I have got a couple of mates who are uncertain of their sexual appeal and could have used some help with their sex life.



Vale Johnny Wadd! Your 14-inch dong fuelled many an erotic male fantasy.

The typical Johnny Wadd film was a compendium of male fantasies. The early loops had no sound-track and involved straightforward fucking without any preliminaries. They were amazing, really amazing. Johnny didn't have to chat anyone up or pay penance for years or go out for dinner and dancing or buy jewels and precious gems before he could get it on. There were no tests or trials, no criticisms or rejections. It was sex *sans* bullshit, a condition to which, in fantasy, many men could relate.

An attractive woman would greet Johnny in an apartment, at a swimming pool, on the beach, wherever, and within seconds, he would be under tender assault, his fly unzipped, Mr Happy springing to attention under the caresses and oral ministrations of his partner for the moment.

The lovemaking would be rigorous, uncomplicated and joyful, and the positions chosen were often surprising and educational. Usually, the loop ended with a blow job, a copious come shot, a sedated Johnny Wadd, a worshipful, supposedly satisfied woman smiling at him through his sperm. Typical male fantasies, as I said, and for those women reading this who are saying, "Yukky, gross, yukky," I have no apologies. That is the way we are, and no amount of disapproval is going to change us. We are the simpletons of sex, and proud of it.

A whole host of porn queens appeared with Johnny and seemed to enjoy his presence, but insiders say he was basically a loner off the set. "He was virtually friendless by his own decision," Margold said. That loneliness was undoubtedly exaggerated by a fierce marijuana-and-cocaine habit that led him into debt and violence. Not all that long ago, he was linked to an infamous murder case, spent time in jail after refusing to testify, found his own career starting to deteriorate, ran into severe health problems and died a difficult death. Not exactly an advertisement for a life of sex and sensation, I know, but that's not the point. Here we are celebrating his memory, his decency on camera, the humour and gentleness he frequently displayed while making love.

"I would love to be able to sit back and drive a truck and be a nine-to-five guy like everybody else and forget everything that's ever happened," he told his ex-wife.

Well, maybe. But I've driven a truck for a living and hauled freight and furniture interstate and put in some long hours on the loading dock, and I'm not convinced that Holmes would have truly enjoyed that life. He found his line of work and performed well in it.

There is a potential porn star in every man, and most of us are envious, in some secret way, of the little dude with the big enchilada who got to play for pay. I guess I've always been confused by concepts of pornography in film and TV. I've never understood why lovemaking is banned and killing is exalted. I've never comprehended why murder — from *Murder, She Wrote* to *The Godfather* — is considered an innocuous subject, while sexuality in its most unrestrained forms is kept under wraps. For me, Johnny Wadd was a far more honourable actor than all those hunks who play detective and mobster and commando and sheriff and kill people with icy abandon.

Here's to you, Johnny Wadd. You taught me some things about sex, you made it look pleasant, you seemed to care for your partners and you seemed to be able to laugh at yourself and not take anything too seriously. Thanks for the memories.

— ASA BABER

Glenn Wheatley. Cardmember since 1973.

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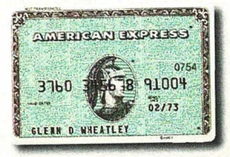

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When **Craig Johnston** dropped his bombshell about retiring from top-level soccer on the eve of the FA Cup Final, it was the timing of the announcement, rather than its substance, that caught the headlines.

And when Liverpool, the champions of the world, then went down to giant-killer Wimbledon there were even those who suggested that Johnston's show of "disloyalty" had been a contributing factor. Few people bothered to analyse why a 27-year-old man in peak fitness would want to chuck in the towel and end a fairytale career with the glamour club of football.

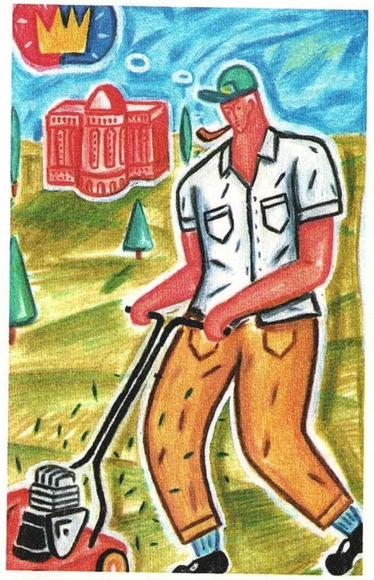
Perhaps the burn-out had been anticipated — Johnston, after all, had spent a large part of the season in the second team. But the informed view was that Johnston still had a lot to offer Liverpool and that it would be only a matter of time before he recemented his position in the first team.

So why retire? Only Johnston could really answer that, and at the time of writing he hadn't, other than to say he felt the enjoyment had gone out of the game, he wanted to spend more time with his family etc. But his seemingly premature exit again raised the question of departure in the professional age — an increasingly difficult and often quite sad issue.

Sportsmen make more money than they did 10 or 20 years ago and yet, by and large, they are hanging in longer. The reason is simple. A generation ago most sportsmen were famous paupers, forced by economics to pursue more lucrative careers before opportunity passed them by. Thus cricket lost **Richie Benaud**, rugby league lost **Reg Gasnier** and rugby union lost anyone who mattered to rugby league, long before their time was up. Now, in most of the mainstream sports, the good players can make a fair living and the great players can make a killing. The temptation to play on until the selectors and the crowd give you up must be very great indeed.

But there is much more than just money at stake. It is the lifestyle, the adoration and that rush of adrenalin every time you go out to perform. Heady stuff that is difficult to replicate out in the hardbitten post-playing world. Talking about your glory days is fun, but it's never quite the same.

Take the case of former cricketers **Max Walker** and **Doug Walters**. Both affable chaps who enjoy a jar and a joke, they have made a lucrative sideline out of the rubber chicken circuit, standing up at sports club dinners and regaling overweight would-bes with yarns that invariably begin: "It was the first morning of the all-important fifth Test and I felt so crook I had to go for a hair of the dog..." Crook as Rookwood or drunk as skunks, the boys usually go on to hit centuries or take six wickets and again prove that alcohol and sport do mix.



Spare a tear for the ageing sports hero. The twilight of the gods is ever sad.

But catch Dougie Walters' eye later at the bar and you might see a flicker — just a flicker — of sadness. Perhaps a longing to be doing rather than telling. In Walters' case he has left it a little too late to make a comeback, although he showed last summer that he can still roll his arm over to reasonable effect, even if his batting has become a little unorthodox. For **Dennis Lillee**, however, the temptation was too great. Balding but still fit at 38, he threw in his lot with the struggling Tasmanian side and then went on to a season of English county cricket. This was not the Lillee of old, of course, but he bowled intelligently, he was still an asset to a side and he clearly loved every minute of it. Except maybe the rub-down the morning after the match.

In Lillee's case the legend remains untarnished, albeit only just, after his dressing room binges with **Ian Botham**, but so often the comeback is a sad, farcical affair, in which Father Time usually emerges the clear-cut winner. Remember **Joe Bugner**? A brave, if colourless boxer the first two or three times around, but a man who made a mockery of the fight game in his last, pitiful, money-inspired go-round at the age of 36.

One suspects that Ian Botham at 34 also knows deep inside that he no longer has the stuff of a champion. The fiasco in Queensland last summer was not technically a comeback, as Botham hadn't gone away, but clearly he saw it as some sort of last hurrah, and his increasing frustration with his abysmal form manifested itself in a haze of angry boozing.

In the real big-money league, golfers can go on forever — just ask Arnie's Army — but tennis players cannot, even though there are enough forums for them to grow old gracefully. **Tony Roche** makes a fortune coaching **Ivan Lendl** and does it very, very well. He was also a brilliant player in his day and is still fairly handy. But those of us who loved Roche in his heyday do not need to watch him get trounced on television now. Nor do those of us who remember **John Newcombe** as an ornament to the game need to see him middle-aged and sweating and heaving all over the court.

At the other end of the financial spectrum we have the young and less lucrative sport of surfing, at which you can reasonably expect to make marginally more than a good used-car salesman if you live out of a suitcase for 44 weeks of the year. Tour burn-out is high and yet there are now several 15-year veterans of the gruelling and poorly paid circuit. Surfers like former world champions **Mark Richards**, 31, and **Rabbit Bartholomew**, 32, have scaled down their touring but **Shaun Tomson**, 33, is still on the road all year and still manages to hold down 11th ranking against kids less than half his age. Recently married, Tomson has no immediate plans for retirement. "It's mah larf," he says in the Durban accent that years on the lam haven't cured.

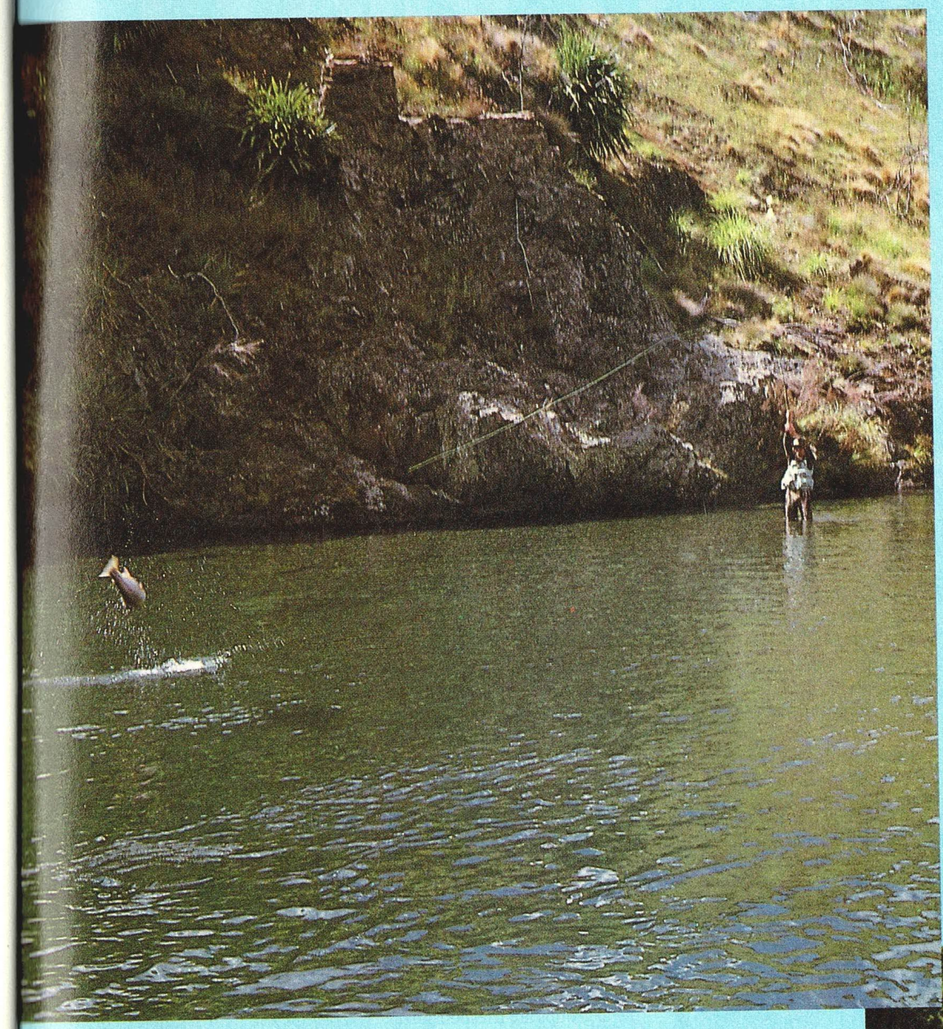
The best retirement story in surfing concerns former world amateur champion **Nat Young**, who won his crown in 1966, the year current world champ **Damien Hardman** was born. Young retired in 1970 and has since made more comebacks than **Nellie Melba**. Now 40, Young would have capped his most recent comeback last autumn by winning the world longboard championship, but for the fact that he was called to California to begin a new career as a male model for **Ralph Lauren**!

But what will he do when he grows up?

— PHIL JARRATT

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN MITCHELL

AUSTRALIAN FLY FISHERMAN



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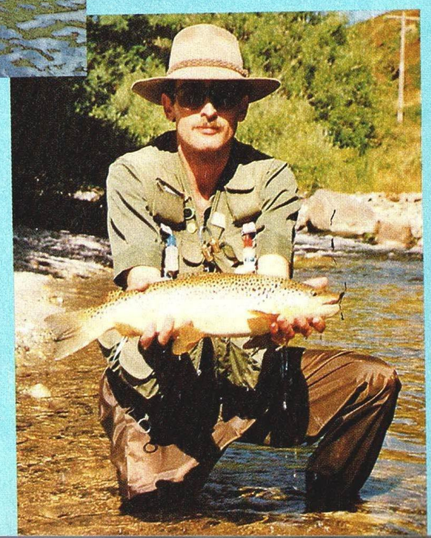

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Showbiz

Woody Allen's September revives memories of an old Hollywood scandal.

WOODY DOES LANA: Remember that incredible scandal a decade or two ago, when **Lana Turner's** teenage daughter stabbed her mother's mafia lover, **Johnny Stompanato**, in a moment of sheer desperation? For his latest microscopic examination of family life, *September*, the endlessly inventive **Woody Allen** has taken this same mother-and-daughter relationship, thinly disguised, some 20 years on. Allen's favourite actress (and mother of his only child) **Mia Farrow** plays the daughter role of Lane as one whose mental health will be forever unstable as a result of the incident, while mother Diane is played by feisty, Broadway actress **Elaine Stritch** as a thoughtless, self-centred, but very attractive personality. Lane has been staying in the family's summer house in Vermont recovering from a breakdown and has been joined by Diane and her new husband (**Jack Warden**). The situation has been complicated by the presence of an older neighbour, Howard (**Denholm Elliott**), who has fallen for Lane, and a younger writer Peter (**Sam Waterston**) with whom Lane is attempting a one-sided relationship. And to make matters worse, Lane's best friend Stephanie (**Dianne Wiest**, another of Allen's favourites) is taking the summer off from husband and family, and she and Peter are inexorably drawn to each other. If it sounds like a Russian play of the **Chekhov** variety, you're dead right — Allen is similarly obsessed with putting three women together and allowing the emotions to fire — but he does it with enormous style and his company of actors serves him brilliantly.

•

REELING AND ROCKING: Disney has picked up the rights to **Tina Turner**'s bio, *I, Tina*. After 31 years on the road she's decided to call it quits, although she will record again after a well-earned vacation... **Godley** and **Creme** (that's **Kevin** and **Lol**) will direct *Howling At The Moon* starring **Gary Busey**, with a **Robbie Robertson** score... **David Keith** is doing his own singing in *Heartbreak Hotel*, the movie he's making about **Elvis... Kris Kristofferson** has been added to the cast of *Big Top Pee Wee*, you-know-who's next film... **Cher**'s ex, **Greg Allman** makes his movie debut in *Rush Week*.

•

NEWSBREAKS: **Bill Wyman**'s bio will finally be written with **Ray Coleman**, the former editor of *Melody Maker*. Wyman has collected tonnes of **Rolling Stones** memorabilia since 1962. In other Stones news, **Ron Wood** says the boys will do a final concert tour and album next year. **Mick** announced to his cronies that getting the group together was a top priority for him. But what's **Keith** got to say about it all, we'd like to know... As **Poison** prepared to hit the road, the guys made a list of what they'd need for the tour, from pizza to Band-Aids to 876 lubricated condoms. Who says heavy-metal groups are irresponsible?... **Talking Heads** want to do a *Naked* tour, but **David Byrne** is too busy with film and theatrical projects... **The Fat Boys** have challenged **Mike Tyson** to a fight, following some loud words that were exchanged. Leader **Darren Robinson** said the fight would separate "the star from the superstar" and suggested that money raised go to charity. We still wouldn't be in their shoes.

•

BYE BYE BABIES: And hello oldies. Now that moviedom's baby boom has ended in a whimper, we are faced with a whole spate of role-reversal epics. By far the most successful was the first, *Vice Versa*, with **Judge Reinhold**, but did we really deserve **George Burns** in *18 Again, He's My Girl* (figure that one out for yourself) and hopefully last, but quite definitely least, *Like Father, Like Son*, which has **Dudley Moore** as an eminent surgeon accidentally switching bodies with his 16-year-old son **Kirk Cameron**. The plot is thin, the jokes non-existent, and poor Dudley, in his first film in two years, seems very old and tired. If the sequel to *Arthur* doesn't revive his sagging fortunes it could well be Dudley No Moore. Titled *Arthur On The Rocks* and directed by **Bud Yorkin**, it shows Arthur's marriage to **Liza Minnelli** to be, not unexpectedly, a troubled one, leaving him prey to the feminine wiles of his former fiancée, played by **Cynthia Sykes** of *St Elsewhere* fame. We'll keep our fingers crossed.

— GRAHAM BARRY

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule close-ups of current movies by graham barry

As Time Goes By Sci-fi comedy with Max Gillies as time-travelling alien whose voices come from '40s movies. ¥¥¥

Biloxi Blues Matthew Broderick plays a fictional Neil Simon surviving army training with a grim smile. ¥¥¥

Deadly Pursuit Tom Berenger and Sidney Poitier are an unlikely duo chasing a psycho through the wilderness. ¥¥

D.O.A. Who poisoned mild-mannered professor Dennis Quaid? Can he find out before he's Dead On Arrival? ¥¥¥

Little Nikita River Phoenix wasted as boy who only discovers his parents are Russian agents when someone tries to kill them. ¥¥

Satisfaction Justine (*Family Ties*) Bateman debuts convincingly as leader of all-girl rock'n'roll band. Light, but fun. ¥¥

The Milagro Beanfield War Well-meaning but soft-centred look at Mexicans fighting big-business from Robert Redford. ¥¥

The Serpent And The Rainbow Weird special effects from master of terror Wes Craven as Haiti explodes into revolution. ¥¥¥

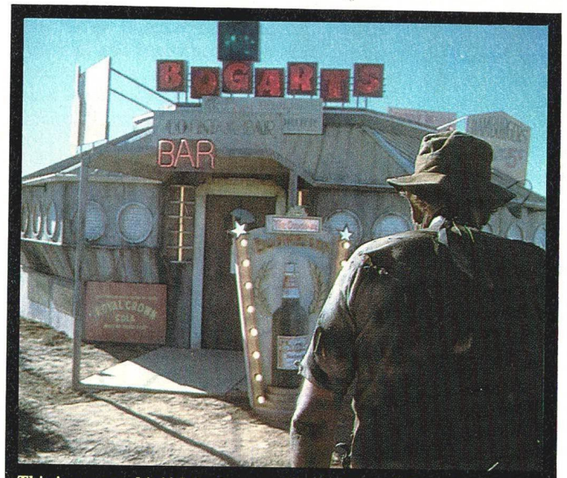
The Seventh Sign A great "mythological thriller" from Carl Schultz with Demi Moore trying to avert the Apocalypse! ¥¥¥¥

The Stepfather Not the sort of movie for a single mother looking for a new husband. Sheer exploitation — but thrilling. ¥¥

Switching Channels Kathleen Turner and Burt Reynolds are outstanding in a classic remake of *His Girl Friday*. ¥¥¥¥

Wish You Were Here Emily Lloyd is a girl who wants attention — and she'll do *anything* to get it! Quirky English comedy. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it



This is a spaceship?! It looks more like Joe Bogart's bar to us, but it's home to Austr-Alien Max Gillies (who only talks '40s filmspeak) in As Time Goes By.

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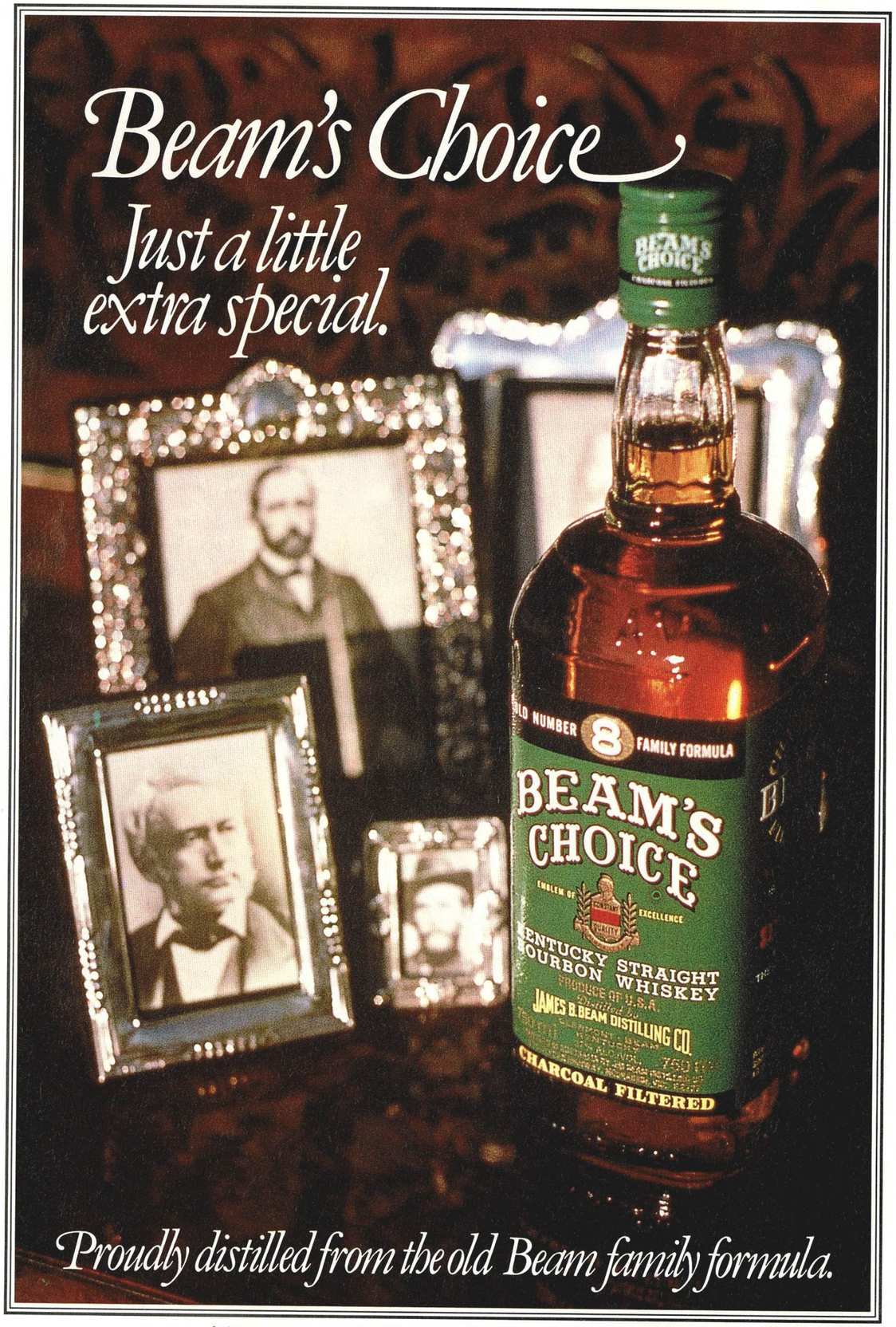

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MIKE GIBSON

A candid conversation with television's Everyman about sport, beer, hair transplants and the futility of exercise.

Now 48, Mike Gibson joins the pantheon of celebrities twice-interviewed by Australian Playboy, not because he has changed but because the rest of us have. When last we spoke to him, the portly, plain-speaking superstar had just signed with the Nine Network to front Wide World Of Sports for a reputed $2m five-year contract. This time round, the network is TEN and the reputed figure is $7.5m. And the domain is not sport but breakfast television.

Gibson says of his new job as co-presenter of Good Morning Australia: "I like getting up early and Kerrie Anne Kennerley's got great legs. How can we fail?" But Mike Gibson's latest megabuck challenge is not really the point. During the 1980s Gibson has achieved a new and unrivalled status in Australia's topsy-turvy media world. He has come to stand for all the comfortable values and attitudes that we identified as uniquely Australian in the days before satellite television started to clone us.

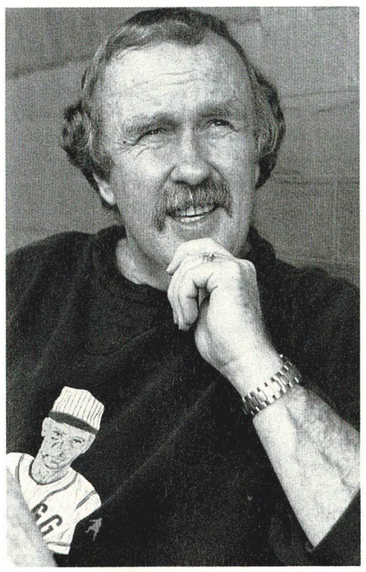
Which is not to label him ocker. The secret of Gibson's success as a communicator, in fact, probably lies in his ability to present a reasoned, intelligent world-view without the frills. He doesn't lecture, he doesn't harangue, he doesn't grate. He says he is the kind of guy people don't mind letting into their living rooms for a few hours. Perhaps more to the point, he is the kind of guy you could happily argue sports and politics with down at the local without voices being raised or tempers frayed beyond acceptable limits.

If ordinariness is a virtue, then why not make a capital gain out of it? Gibson claims that ordinariness is all he has to offer, but the facts of his 30-year media career tell a different story. From his humble beginnings as a raceform scribbler at the Sydney Daily Telegraph to his current pre-eminence as one of the best known faces on Australian television, he has always backed the longshot rather than the odds-on favourite. The best paid sportswriter in the country, he opted to expand his horizons in England. On top of the radio ratings in Sydney, he chose to plough his talents into resurrecting a falling station. In 1988, with Nine's Wide World Of Sports enjoying unprecedented ratings success — particularly with the Gibson-fronted coverage of the Calgary Winter Olympics — he chose to turn his back on front-row seats to the game and first class airline tickets to chance the uncertain world of morning television, still in its infancy in Australia, but already the graveyard of several celebrities.

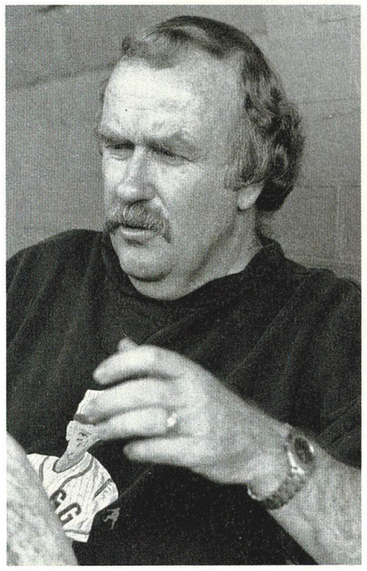
Gibson, who says he has never had a worry in his life, is totally at ease with the transition from male-dominated sports television to female-dominated morning talk shows. Married at 19 and the father of several grown-up daughters, he says he gets along with women even if he doesn't always understand them.

Australian Playboy sent senior contributing editor ***Phil Jarratt*** *to interview Gibson soon after he had made the move from Nine to TEN. Jarratt, who had previously worked with Gibson on the production of the best-selling Wide World Of Sports book, Australian Sporting Hall Of Fame, found the new star of breakfast more than content with his working lifestyle, settled into his favourite table at his favourite boozer — the harbourside Mosman Rowing Club — as the clock struck noon, his day's work done and a weight-conscious gin and tonic in hand.*

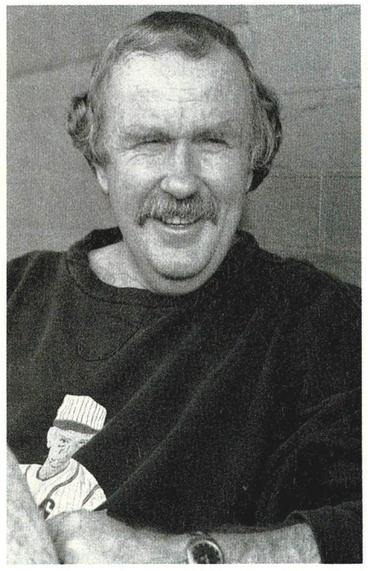
Says Jarratt: "I've always found Gibbo



"I don't like many of Pat Cash's attitudes, same as I don't like John McEnroe's. I think they demean a beautiful game and one that's made them a lot of money."



"Look, I might wander home one night full of beer and fall into the Harbour — which has happened — but I don't think people want to see me doing that on television."



"I admire Mike Willesee because he's so clever. He can do more with an upraised eyebrow than Derryn Hinch can do in half an hour of ranting and raving."

one of the most refreshingly honest, no-bullshit people in the Australian media. It would be easy to conclude with him that what you see is what you get, but there is a side to the man that rarely shows through on television. He says he never worries but he thinks a lot and it shows through in his conversation. He's a kind of homespun intellectual, a bloke with that happy knack of seeing life in its simplest, most straightforward light. Ordinary? Well, judge for yourselves."

PLAYBOY: You're always tagged with the image of the ordinary bloke. Are you really that ordinary?

GIBSON: I think so. It might also be that most of the people in the media tend to work pretty hard at being extraordinary. I've never understood why you can't be just an ordinary bloke and be on television or radio, because most of the people who listen to you are pretty ordinary. I think people feel reassured when their own thoughts come back at them.

PLAYBOY: Is ordinariness something you have to work hard to retain?

GIBSON: No, I really am ordinary. I go to work five or six days a week, I get to the football when I can, I like to play cards with my mates, I drink too much, play a bit of tennis, love a bet. I don't find any of that difficult. I'd find it difficult to change. I have a laugh when people say they might have to do something with my image. I just don't understand that. I mean why would you hire somebody and then set about changing them? When I first started on radio I used to get a bit of stick from journalists over the way I sounded. They reckoned I sounded like an ocker but what it was was I sounded like they did. Anyway, within a few years it was almost fashionable to sound that way. We even had a prime minister who sounded like us. When it comes to communicating it doesn't really matter how you sound or look. Some people are good at it and others aren't, that's all.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned the ocker. Is there a fine line between being an ordinary bloke who loves his sport and his beer and the full-blown Norm image?

GIBSON: I suppose there is. No one wants to go too far and become offensive, especially to women. Women are much more sensitive than men. I copped a lot of stick at the Winter Olympics because I called Katerina Vitt a good sort. The feminists were after me like a shot. Singo (John Singleton) is a classic example. I think he's a very clever fellow but every now and then he goes too far and people either sack him or just switch him off. Look, I might wander home from here (the Mosman Rowing Club) one night full of beer and fall into the Harbour — which has happened — but I don't think people would want to see me doing that on television, even though it's part of who I am. You keep those things to yourself.

PLAYBOY: And the readers of *Australian Playboy*. Come on, be honest. Do you ever look in the mirror and see Norm staring back at you over the little beer belly?

GIBSON: I might seem that way to interviewers who work real hard at not having a beer gut, go to trendy tailors and never have a bet or a drink, or if they do they just drink two bottles of Heineken very cautiously. Most people in the media work very hard at their image. It's never worried me because I've always been just a journalist, an observer of people. I find it quite amusing that I'm now being observed, and to some people I've even become a figure of wonder. Don Lane said to me, "You're a unique person, a one-off." That's what he thinks because Don's into the whole showbiz thing, he's had the transplant. Look, if you're a writer you're laughing because you don't give a shit. If people want me to do a television show, great, I'll do it. But if it doesn't work out it won't worry me, I'll go back and write columns. It's not a matter of life or death to me, like it is to a guy like Greg Evans. Blokes like that have to worry about having a boat on the Harbour and being seen in the right restaurants. I take pride in being seen in the wrong restaurants.

Botham reportedly has a problem with alcohol, and when you see people roughing up people on planes I don't find that all that amusing.

PLAYBOY: But you've been to the Logies, haven't you?

GIBSON: Yeah, I've been twice. The first time was as a presenter and that was fun, and the second time I went because David Hill [*Nine's sports boss*] told me to on threat of death. I figured I must have been gonna win something, but I didn't. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: When you were a sports presenter you often said that you were the typical fan, in awe of the people whose skills you were showcasing. Now that you're a general television personality are you equally in awe of TV stars?

GIBSON: No, I reckon a lot of television personalities don't have any personality at all. The sports guys are completely different. I watch Greg Norman play golf or Martina Navratilova hit a tennis ball and it's a privilege to watch, even on TV.

PLAYBOY: So to put it in a nutshell, you have a lot more respect for a Greg Norman than a Greg Evans?

GIBSON: Oh shit, yeah. These are guys who've devoted their lives to their skills. You have to respect them. Don Lane would say the same thing and so would Greg Evans. What we do is just fun. It's just talking. I've never gone to work in my life. Work is something you don't like doing, like fixing the roof or mowing the lawn. What we do is an extraordinary self-indulgence. We talk, we make pictures, we write and we get paid for it. I just hope no one ever wakes up to it.

PLAYBOY: Okay, if your heroes are all sportsmen rather than media megastars...

GIBSON: No, I admire Mike Willesee because he's so clever. He can do more with an upraised eyebrow than Derryn Hinch can do in half an hour of ranting and raving. He can editorialise with just a look, which is what television is all about. I admire anybody who's at the top of his profession. But the rest of us run-of-the-mill blokes are nothing special. My job in recent years has been to take you to the big game and make sure you see what's going on. That's not all that hard.

PLAYBOY: You did *Wide World Of Sports* for seven years. If you admire Willesee's technique so much, why didn't you use it in the sports arena? There would seem to be plenty of scope for a bit of investigative journalism.

GIBSON: Well, the only thing I've ever really got angry about is South Africa. I feel passionately about that, but most sporting people seem to be in favour of sporting links with South Africa, as are most Australians. There's a very strong streak of racism still in this country. So I didn't seem to get very far with that. But I think most people who watched *Wide World Of Sports* didn't want me to take up a cudgel. The reason you watch a sports show on a Saturday afternoon is to get away from all that. All week you're getting current affairs on the radio and TV, you've got your boss belting you over the head, the kids driving you mad, your wife says you should get a better job... All you want to do on a Saturday arvo is relax and watch sport. We take you around the world for five hours, we show you all these extraordinary people doing the things you'd like to do but you haven't got the guts or the talent. It'd be a very rude interruption if in the middle of all that I started banging the table about why the VFL should have more women administrators. People would say, "Oh shit, hang on." You can buy a blue in the pub every night of the week.

PLAYBOY: But couldn't you have been grilling the guys at Powerplay, for example, over what was really happening with the Sydney Swans? That sort of sports journalism doesn't get much of a run in Australia.

GIBSON: No, it doesn't, more's the pity. Budget's got a lot to do with it. We had to put together the longest live television show in the world — five hours! At the same time I was doing the sports news five nights a week. I mean you just don't have the luxury of spending the whole week hunting up one good story. It's not like the ABC.

PLAYBOY: That's an interesting twist. Surely you're not suggesting that the ABC is better equipped to do that sort of thing than the commercial networks?

GIBSON: Well, the biggest sports story in this country was The Big League, broken by Chris Masters on *Four Corners*. There's no doubt about that. If someone gave me three months to work on something like that I'd be thrilled. But it wouldn't happen and I'm not sure that's my role anyway. Television's a funny thing because it gets you into someone's lounge room. On a Saturday afternoon you probably wouldn't let your relatives in and you certainly wouldn't let the Jehovah's Witnesses in, and yet you let me in for five hours. It's as if I'm your friend and it's a very delicate thing.

PLAYBOY: Has sports journalism changed much in the 30 years you've been in it?

GIBSON: Oh, tremendously. Back then people might listen to the game on the radio but they really followed it through their sportswriters. You wrote about the game in a completely different way. Now I always held the view that sport on television would really have to battle because traditionally Australian women hated sport, or if they didn't hate it they didn't like their husbands watching it. I don't think they like their husbands having too much fun. Our battle on *Wide World Of Sports* was to win them over, to make them see that just because a bloke played football didn't mean he'd just fallen out of a tree, or if he was a boxer, that he dribbled. Sports people, particularly champions, are usually intelligent, interesting people with a hell of a lot to offer.

PLAYBOY: Why are you getting out of sports broadcasting?

GIBSON: I suppose I can see the writing on the wall for myself. You can't feign enthusiasm for any length of time. Look, in the '60s I was a newspaper columnist, in the '70s I got into radio and enjoyed that immensely, in the '80s I worked on *Wide World Of Sports* which has been a revolutionary program, and in the '90s, which will probably be the last decade of my working life — I damn well hope so — I thought why not have a shot at something else that's in the process of revolution? Breakfast television is huge in the States. I was in Britain the other week and I watched their breakfast programs and I think they're terrible but they're enormously popular and making lots of money. It seemed like an interesting area to get into, a bit of a challenge. You see, before *Wide World Of Sports* nobody watched TV on Saturday afternoons. All you could see were Jerry Lewis movies. Now something like 30 percent of sets are in use. About 20 percent currently watch breakfast television so there's plenty to work on. In my generation it was unthinkable, almost immoral to watch television in the morning. Now, because I've got so many kids I've got TVs all over the house and they're all on in the morning.

PLAYBOY: Are you a convert yourself? Do you wake up and switch on?

GIBSON: Never. I listen to the radio along with 80 percent of the population.

PLAYBOY: So your real rivals at breakfast are the radio heroes — in Sydney, guys like Doug Mulray and Mike Carlton?

GIBSON: To an extent, yes. Mike Carlton has said he might get out of radio soon and there'd be a lot of people who'd find a substitute for him in breakfast television.

PLAYBOY: *Wide World Of Sports* was the centrepiece of a whole new approach to televised sport but in recent times it's sometimes seemed trivial. Did you feel the gloss was wearing off?

GIBSON: Yeah, but I think we got back on track with Calgary [*Winter Olympics*]. I really wanted to go out on a winner and Calgary was a winner. It was all the things that we should have been about. It wasn't just a sporting event, it was an emotional experience. It was an unforgettable fortnight. We brought people a whole slice of life from the Rocky Mountains: Eskimos, Red Indians, the lot.

PLAYBOY: It sounds a bit like Disneyland.

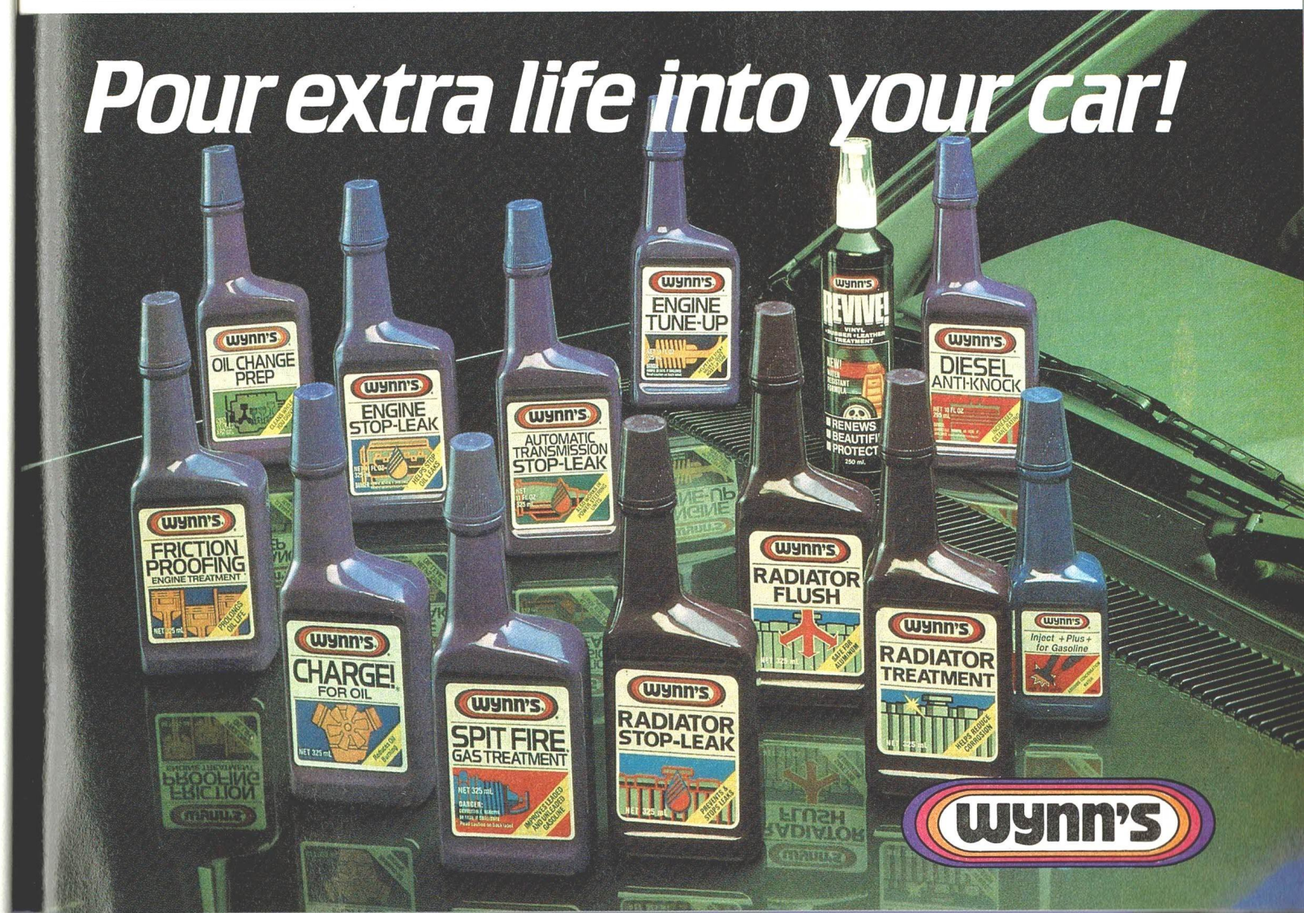
GIBSON: Yeah, it was a bit of that but it was also a bit more serious. People were jumping off mountains and risking their lives. It was every facet of life.

PLAYBOY: Do you see sport as a microcosm of life?

GIBSON: Oh sure. When I go to the football I see it as theatre, from the moment you see the hot-dog seller outside. Then inside you've got this huge crowd — you know, people who just live for the game every week. Then on the field you've got this guy who's on the brink — if he blows it one more time he'll be in reserve grade next week. It might sound corny but I reckon it's ultimate theatre.

PLAYBOY: If the Winter Olympics was the high point of your sports broadcasting career, what was the low point?

GIBSON: There have been low spots in my career but not involving sport. One of them



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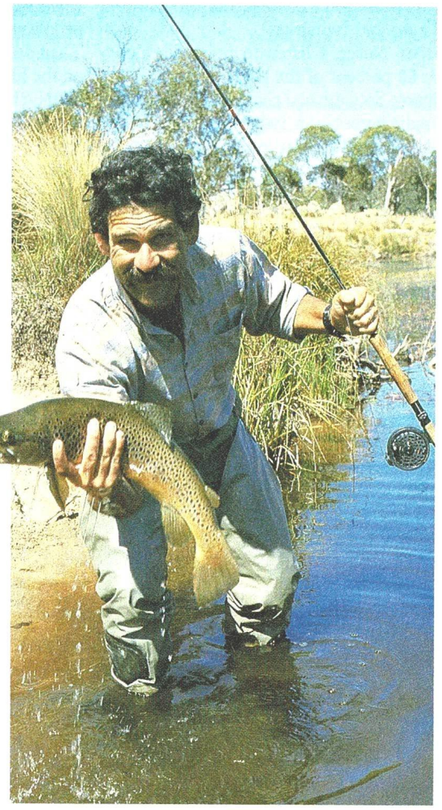

I suppose you could tramp off to some tired out old fishing hole where you have to fight for elbow room and the occasional fish — But then again you could be sitting back in your lodge, recounting to all and sundry for the umpteenth time that night, how you outwitted Old Hook-Jaw who gave you the battle of your life — Easy choice, isn't it?

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was in radio when I went from 2SM to 2GB, which was a huge mistake. I went to the wrong audience completely and it taught me a good lesson. You've got to know where you'll be tolerated. I mean I'd leave *Wide World Of Sports* to do *Good Morning, Australia* but I wouldn't leave to do a business program on Channel Seven and I wouldn't go to 2BL. I'm a bloke from the suburbs and people from the suburbs identify with me. They don't with a lot of people in the media. I mean, you see a lot of reviews of trendy restaurants in the papers but you never see a review of the Black Stump, but if we went down there tonight it'd be full. There's a lot of ordinary people out there.

PLAYBOY: But hang on, hang on! Aren't you a bit of a fake when you claim to represent the ordinary blokes of the world? We're sitting here lunching on Sydney Harbour and through the trees over there we can see your house — one of this city's most prestigious addresses...

GIBSON: But I'll be going to McDonald's for dinner tonight. [*Laughs*] Fair dinkum, Tuesday night is always Big Mac night at our place. I'm a fella who is doing things that the average bloke would do if he had a bit more money, that's all.

PLAYBOY: Give us a break, Gibbo.

GIBSON: No, really! [*Laughs*] Why wouldn't you live here? I was born in North Sydney when it was a working class area and when I made a few bucks I moved around the corner, that's all. There's an extraordinary mix of people in my local club here. There's shipwrights, dentists, solicitors, all sorts of people. Some of the greatest knockabouts of all time live on Sydney Harbour. You wouldn't meet a bigger bunch of larrikins than the guys who sail 18-footers, top blokes.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to sport, do you think the nature of the players has changed over the years? Are there fewer larrikins and more hard-nosed businessmen?

GIBSON: I think the smart ones have realised they can set themselves up for life if they play their cards right. In the case of a Greg Norman or a Pat Cash they can look forward to a life of riches, so yeah, they're pretty serious about it and they're careful about what they say and do. The stupid ones aren't. I think the main reason there are all these opportunities for sportsmen is that they've really become the heroes of the '80s. In the '50s it was movie stars, then in the '60s rock stars. Now it's sports stars. When I came into journalism 30 years ago everyone wanted to be a political correspondent. All my mates wanted to go to Canberra and bring down the government. Now if I asked them if they'd rather spend a day with John Howard or Greg Norman I know what their answer would be.

PLAYBOY: But who would you rather spend a day with: Pat Cash or Ken Rosewall?

GIBSON: Oh, I take your point. Ken Rosewall any day of the week. It wasn't that Ken minded making a buck, but those guys — Newcombe, Stolle and so on — embodied a different attitude.

PLAYBOY: The song says "Money changes everything." Is that all it is?

GIBSON: No, I think the difference is manners. I don't like many of Pat Cash's attitudes, the same as I don't like McEnroe's. I think they demean a beautiful game, and one that's made them both a lot of money. Maybe Pat Cash is growing up. I hope so. It seems more than a coincidence to me that both of them are managed by their fathers. Maybe there's a story in that.

PLAYBOY: What does last summer's Botham fiasco say to you about sport, manners and the importation of stars?

GIBSON: It says plenty about Queensland's inability to win the Sheffield Shield, no matter who they import. No, I don't think Australia needs Ian Botham at all, other than as a member of a touring England team. Botham reportedly has a problem with alcohol and when people start roughing people up on planes I don't find it all that amusing. I love to see Ivan Lendl come out here and play tennis but I'd hate to see him bought to play for Australia in the Davis Cup.

PLAYBOY: But Botham put bums on seats. Is there still something larger than life about a sporting hero from overseas?

People talk about drinking yourself to death but I don't know how you'd do it. There's more 70-year-old drunks than 70-year-old joggers.

GIBSON: I think we manufacture our own heroes pretty well. Botham is an extraordinary case because he is a virtual guarantee of excitement on and off the field. There aren't too many people like that. Most of our heroes these days are our own. Look at Greg Norman, Wayne Gardner, Tommy Carroll. By the same token I think Australians appreciate seeing champions wherever they're from. We proved that at Calgary, where not one Australian won an event. That didn't stop people watching.

PLAYBOY: That's an interesting point. Knowing that Australia would play such a minor role in the Winter Olympics, wasn't Nine taking a huge commercial risk in sending such a large crew and devoting so much air time to it?

GIBSON: Well, that was always the way it was going to be played. We had a few things on our side, a few Australian angles. It was the biggest team we'd ever sent to a Winter Olympics for a start, and then in the early stages one of the officials came up to me at a function and told me there might be a bit of a story in the bobsledding team. He said they trained in a car park at Hornsby. Well, we gave them a lot of play and they were important over there too, because they were the Aussie battlers. We knew they were never gonna win a medal but Toyota threw some money at them and suddenly we had some Australian involvement.

PLAYBOY: You've covered a lot of major international sporting events. What was the most memorable?

GIBSON: I said earlier that Calgary was a career high and it was also the most memorable event I've covered for a number of reasons, but the Adelaide Grands Prix have been exciting. The second one was probably more exciting than the first, when Nigel Mansell blew that tyre. Working with Jackie Stewart and James Hunt and all those wonderful commentators has always been fantastic. But it's funny, you know, before I even started at *Wide World Of Sports* I used to go to Wimbledon every year, and now I've left the show when I was on the brink of doing all that again — covering Wimbledon, the US Open and all those events. People probably think I'm absolutely crackers, but I've done all those things. I was at the Los Angeles Olympics, I was at the world skating championships a couple of weeks ago, you name it. I think the first 1987 State Of Origin rugby league game ranked right up there with the biggies.

PLAYBOY: Okay, how about the greatest single sporting performance you've ever witnessed?

GIBSON: I think North Sydney [*rugby league team*] beating Newcastle last Saturday. [*Laughs*] That made it three in a row and if you follow North Sydney any win is a bonus. Seriously, it's too hard to answer that. Probably the the best thing I've seen over the past 10 years I wasn't even at. That was when Sugar Ray Leonard came back and beat Marvin Hagler. That just dazzled me. I've been a boxing freak all my life. I've also enjoyed Jeff Fenech's victories, particularly the night he won his first world title. That gave me a real kick because he's such a hard, tough little bastard.

PLAYBOY: You haven't been as generous in your praise of other fighters who have purported to represent Australia.

GIBSON: Well, I don't care to get in the ring and get belted myself, but I think I know a bit about boxing. I don't like to see it cynically abused by impostors who are only trying to defraud people.

PLAYBOY: On another matter entirely, why have you always insisted that Joe Bugner can't fight?

GIBSON: Oh, he can fight but he wasn't real hot when he was 28. Common sense tells you that he's not going to make it at 38. So they bring out three turkeys for him to fight, one of whom I reckon got robbed. We saw what happened the first time it threatened to get serious in England. I thought the whole thing made a joke out of the sport of boxing and also, as an Australian I felt embarrassed to see this lumbering ex-Hungarian, ex-Pom wearing my colours. I don't think he wore them with dignity. I don't get tickets to the fights any more because when I said it was a joke I was the worst person in the world. By the end of it even Bugner was admitting

(continued on page 109)

If she has Cleo *on her coffee table, how long will it take you to get her into the sack?*

A MAN'S GUIDE TO WOMEN'S MAGAZINES

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(Continued on page 38)

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THEIR BODIES, THEIR MAGS: A COMPARATIVE GUIDE TO WOMEN'S PERIODICALS

	COSMOPOLITAN	CLEO	VOGUE	WOMAN'S DAY	NEW IDEA	PORTFOLIO
Price **Circulation***	$2.80 205,800	$2.80 270,000	$4.80 71,430	$1.10 704,900	$1.30 942,765	$4.00 21,000
Actual cover blurbs	How Often Do You Have Sex (And Would You Tell?) Same Love, Better Sex — Ways To Keep Passion Strong	Date Rape: You'll Be Shocked At What Men Think Is A Come-On What's Life Like When Money's No Object?	High-Rise Furs Nights Were Never Barer	A Facelift Changed My Life The Schoolgirl Who Lost 43 Kilos	Fergie's Madly Modern Pregnancy The Bride Who Died At Her Own Wedding	Remaking Love: The Increasing Feminisation Of Sex How To Minimise Your Mortgage
Actual features	*Phone Finesse — How To Talk Your Way To Success* *Do's And Don'ts Of Sharing A Flat*	*Why Men Cheat (Mostly Because They Can)* *Sleek, Chic City Living*	*Black As Night* (featuring nude male models) *A Hedonist's Hong Kong*	*Born Underwater And Thriving* *Poisonous Plants In The Garden*	*Mediterranean Stews* *Our Son Was Killed At The School Fete*	*I've Seen The Future And It's Franchised* *Big In Smalls*
Feature we'd most like to see	*How To Seduce Yourself*	*Sick And Loving It*	*Alice Springs On Two Dollars A Day*	*Cooking With Dirt*	*It's Perfectly Acceptable To Desert Your Children*	*How To Grow Your Own Marijuana*
What typical reader would never do	Wash afterward	Introspect	Swallow it	Leave the light on	Indulge in anal sex	Get him hard
What she drinks	Strong cocktails with frivolous names	Rum and diet cola	Bollinger	Kahlua and cream	One glass of Ben Ean	Jack Daniel's neat
Dream vacation	Club Med	Gstaad	Tuscany	A time-share anywhere in Australia	A camping holiday on the Murray River	The office on Sunday
Bedside reading	*Men Who Hate Women And The Women Who Love Them*	Diaphragm instructions	Christie's Auction Annual	GraceBrothers/Myer Catalogues	The baby book	Anything by Craig McGregor
Favourite toy	His wife	Louis Vuitton bag	Cartier Panther watch	The washing machine	Her Big W 6-cup muffin tray	Rape whistle
Movie she has seen three times	*Fatal Attraction*	*A Room With A View*	*Jean De Florette*	*Terms Of Endearment*	*South Pacific*	*Fatal Attraction* (But they're on her side)
Ideal man	Michael Douglas	Angry Anderson, but just once	Richard Morecroft	Bert Newton	Dick Smith	Her secretary
Favourite body part	Cleavage — hers	"Down there — you know."	Ring finger — hers	Ring finger — his	Her baby's bottom	Anything with hair
When she'll sleep with you	First date, if everything goes perfectly	When you live closer to her job than she does	After she assesses your net worth	Every anniversary	Never, if you're not married to her	When hell freezes over
Favourite workout	Reading his mail	Throwing up	Soliciting donations	Giving birth	Lugging the nappies	Crushing male stereotypes
Where she'd tolerate extra weight, maybe	On her breasts, when it results in cleavage	On other girls	In her diamonds	On her hips and thighs	On her hubby's tummy	In her salary
Secret vice	Candida Royale movies	Decisiveness	Cubic zirconia	A capacity for irony	Collecting her naval fluff	Doll collection (in storage)
What she wants but would never ask for	A night in front of the TV	A love bite and/or respect	To fuck below her station	A divorce	To peek at Prince Charles' thing	———————
Sweet nothings she'll respond to	"The divorce is final."	"*You* choose the wine."	"Okay then. Dinner at eight. Bring your passport."	"I'll do the dishes."	"Your water's broken."	"You *deserve* a raise."
Why she'll say no	She's having an unusual vaginal discharge	You're too short	Your shirt collar is a tad grubby	You got fired	The roast needs turning	She got fired
Signal for sexual readiness	She lays her napkin on the table	She's naked	She activates her phone-answering service	She emerges from the bathroom after two hours	When she says she'd like to redecorate the nursery	She loosens her bow tie
Unexpected sexual skill	Knowing when to stop	Not afraid to use spit	Cuddling	Alertness	Being able to really spread her legs	Gratitude

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"I've been in the really interesting situation of sharing a house with a guy who's 30 and who's an up-and-coming stockbroker with quite a lot of money and a penchant for 20-year-old girls. But listening to him in the room next door is really interesting because you can hear him come up the stairs and close the door... and you wait... and it's not very long before you hear the bed squeak. Then suddenly the whole thing will stop and I'll think, 'Well, that didn't take very long. There's not much to what he does with people.'" (*Cleo*)

"Men do indeed have fears... Big men are afraid of little men, little men of big men. Some are afraid of the dark, one of cornfields, many of being interviewed. Some fear beautiful women, others not having work. One westerner, believe it or not, feared John Wayne's death." (*Cosmopolitan*)

Obviously, there are a lot of women out there who've wondered, "Why are guys *like* that?" Most of them are probably still wondering.

Which is why so much of the advice is practical: how to get a man, and what to do with him once you've got one. What *Modern Motor* is to petrol heads, *Cosmopolitan* is to single women. Among its *25 Ways To Meet A Man*: "8. Develop an interest in bowling and, whenever the moment seems romantically ripe, be sure your fingers suddenly get stuck in the ball." Or "16. Develop an interest in horse racing." Or "18. In the supermarket, subtly manoeuvre over to a man whose cart holds one bottle of mineral water, one frozen quiche and one quart of frozen yoghurt. He's *sure* to be single!"

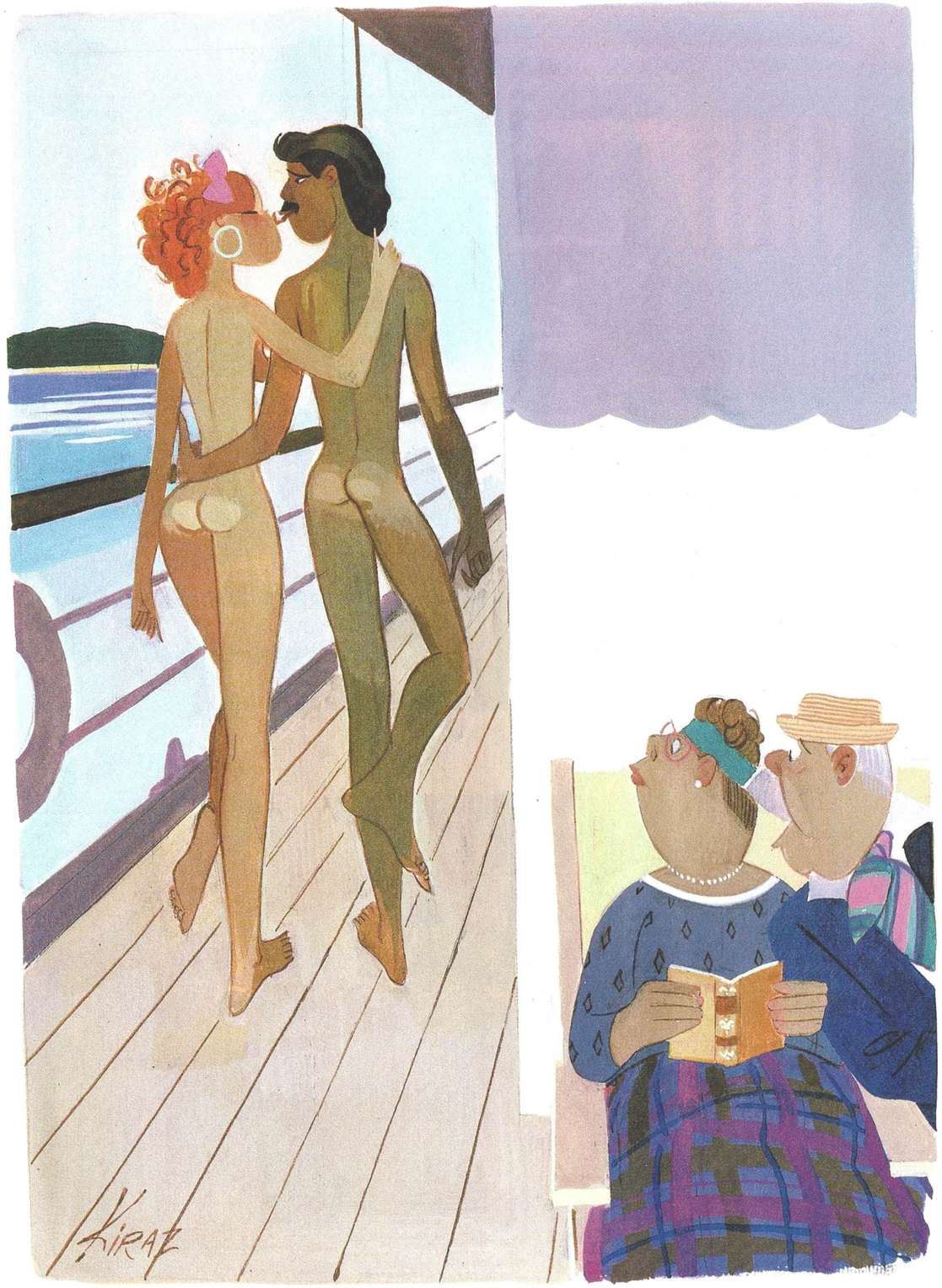
Once the women's magazine reader has met her man, what then? So copious is the advice here that it's hard to believe women ever navigated this minefield with*out* their favourite magazine. The very grammar of relationships lies in these pages. "Seduction often begins with an evening of conversation, otherwise known as a date," *New Woman* advises. But then she'd better watch herself. "Fast sex," according to *Glamour*, "while sometimes exciting, often hinders the development of intimacy. The usual pattern is that the person who is most uncomfortable exchanging confidences begins to feel bored (often a disguise for fear), and initiates sex as a way to avoid further revelations."

In fact, these days AIDS has changed the rules, and in women's magazines, as elsewhere, safe sex rears its latex-covered head. "Some activities are 100 percent safe," *Self* says: "dry kissing, hugging and caressing, massage, mutual masturbation (provided he doesn't ejaculate near your vagina or broken skin)." *Vogue*, with its customary nod to fashion, warns that "getting a man to wear a condom isn't as simple as saying, 'You look better in a hat.'" *Cosmo* doesn't see a problem here, but counsels: "When you're on the verge of sleeping with a new man, don't bring out a box of condoms that has only one or two left in it."

Not even *Cosmo* maintains that every Mr Right Now will turn into a Mr Right. How many ways can you tell readers, "This is the wrong man for you"? In her popular agony column, *Cosmo's* Irma Kurtz variously characterises readers' men: "appears to have difficulty maintaining intimate relationship"; "too young for the commitment you require"; "a user"; "an insecure, selfish hothead with a complete lack of scruples or self-control"; a "useless anchor"; and advised, "tell him you will leave him if he doesn't shape up."

If much of this advice seems self-evident (not to mention contradictory and hostile), maybe that's because women, and the magazines they read, find us complex and confusing. Not so different, really, from the way we find women. Thank goodness *we* have a magazine that tells us where the clues lie buried: in *her* magazine rack.

SCORECARD
Playboy's ready reckoner: what she reads directly affects how long it will take you to get her into bed.
COSMOPOLITAN
First date, if everything goes perfectly
CLEO
When you live closer to her job than she does
VOGUE
After she assesses your nett worth
WOMAN'S DAY
Every anniversary
New Idea
Never, if you're not married to her
the working woman's Portfolio
When hell freezes over

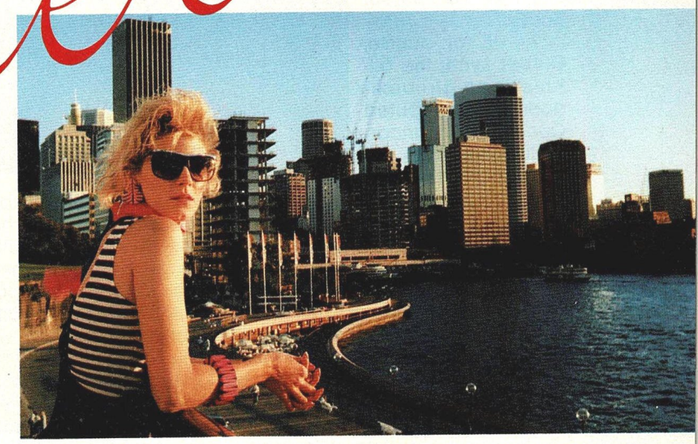


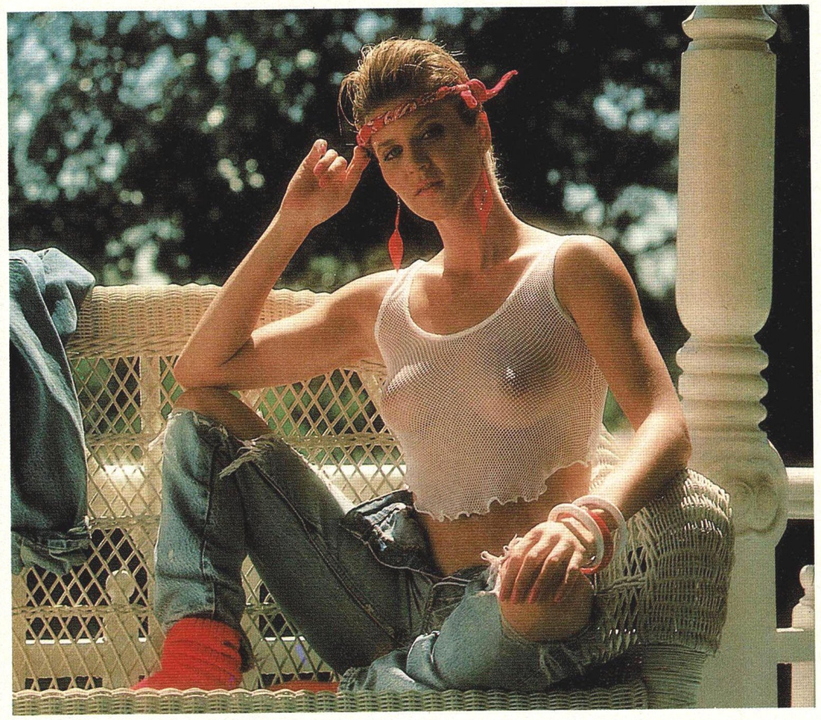
"I guess we just docked at the French Riviera."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ED HOLZMAN

GINGER GOES DOWN *Under*

An exclusive pictorial account of American porn queen GINGER LYNN's Aussie tour.



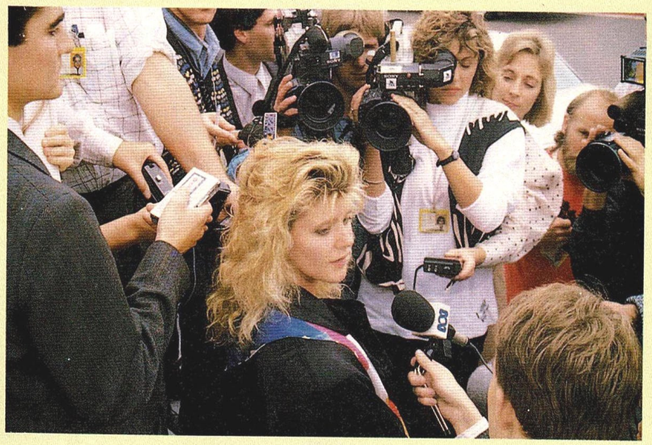


THE DEAL WAS cemented over oysters and lobster at the famous Kings Cross eatery, the Bourbon And Beefsteak. Ginger Lynn, legendary American porn queen, star of 69 X-rated films, and recent inductee into the porn Hall Of Fame, agreed to end the three-year-long drought.

Ginger Lynn hadn't taken her clothes off publicly since she retired from skin-flicks in 1985. But after a massive serve of Sydney's famous oysters she agreed to reveal all for *Australian Playboy* as a memento of her visit Down Under, provided her boyfriend, Ed

GINGER COMES CLEAN IN CANBERRA

Publicist ROBBIE SWAN describes what happened behind the scenes when Ginger lobbed at Parliament House.



ROYALTY SHE MAY not be, but she is indeed a queen in her own field, and although the Queensland premier and **Ian Sinclair** refused her an audience, the media courted and finally crowned her in a frenzied spectacle on the steps of Parliament House.

She is, of course, **Ginger Lynn**, the all-American-girl-next-door and undisputed Queen of American erotica. Although she has abdicated the horizontal throne after 69 spectacular ascensions, Ginger showed that she could still turn it on for the cameras.

When Ginger's Australian connections approached me to assist with her tour, my first reaction was to think of the neighbours and the primary school headmistress. Would people still talk to me? Would my children be victimised and taunted with allegations that their dad was now a purveyor of porn?

In the end the business ethic won out and the Ginger-Down-Under Tour began.

From the very beginning the media exhibited strange behaviour towards her, a mixture of reverence (she was recently admitted to the Erotic Hall of Fame in the USA), ribaldry and "reel" concern for her pretty features. **Mike Munro** of *60 Minutes* looked sartorial in his blue suit and red tie for Ginger's first Aussie interview. Parked in a floodlit corner of Canberra's trendy new erotic shop, Fantasy Lane, he seemed out of place but pleased as punch as he looked for the expose within the already exposed.

Pru Goward from 2CN, scourge of politicians and VIPs, was expected to give Ginger a much tougher time than any other (male) interviewers. However, to my great surprise, the two of them appeared to get on like a house on fire and Pru, possibly Canberra's only nursing mother on air, was later heard discussing the problems of motherhood with Ginger in the foyer.

Phillip Adams, chairman of the Australian Film Commission and radio 2UE late-night busker, kept her chatting for over an hour and at one stage drew comparisons between Ginger and **Marilyn Monroe**. **Don Lane** became tongue-tied and told her he didn't quite know how to express his feelings towards her and her trade. **Ray Martin**'s 50-year-old-plus studio audience cheered her mightily, while the ABC's *7.30 Report* received a number of abusive calls for sullying the national network with American depravity.

But the tour-de-force of media masturbation was surely Ginger's rapturous press conference on the steps of Parliament House.

Superlatives abounded. The *Daily Telegraph* billed it as the largest media gathering there since **Gough Whitlam** was sacked. **Larry Emdur** of the TEN Network said Ginger had been treated more seriously than **Caspar Weinberger** during his press conference a few months before, while the *Age* newspaper rated it a bigger and better gathering than that accorded **Andrew Peacock** when he was dumped as Liberal leader.

Young men with huge, throbbing, felt-covered microphones thrust them at Ginger whilst their camerapersons extended their zoom lenses for maximum media penetration in an orgy of celluloid and sound.

Inside, the Shadow Minister for Education, **Jim Carlton**, had inadvertently called a press conference at the same time. Predictably no one came. He might have done better if he'd mentioned sex education in his press release.

But despite the force of the media feeding frenzy, the girl from Illinois took it all in her stride. Her most endearing memory of Australia was the kangaroos at RehWinkles Animal Park. Later in the day, when confronted with kangaroo scrotums on sale at the Regatta Point kiosk for the Japanese tourist, she broke down in disbelief.

Predictably, the donkey which ambled up to the kangaroo fence in an obviously excited state was "in disgrace", she said, and was obviously an exotic Johnny-come-lately with no manners at all.

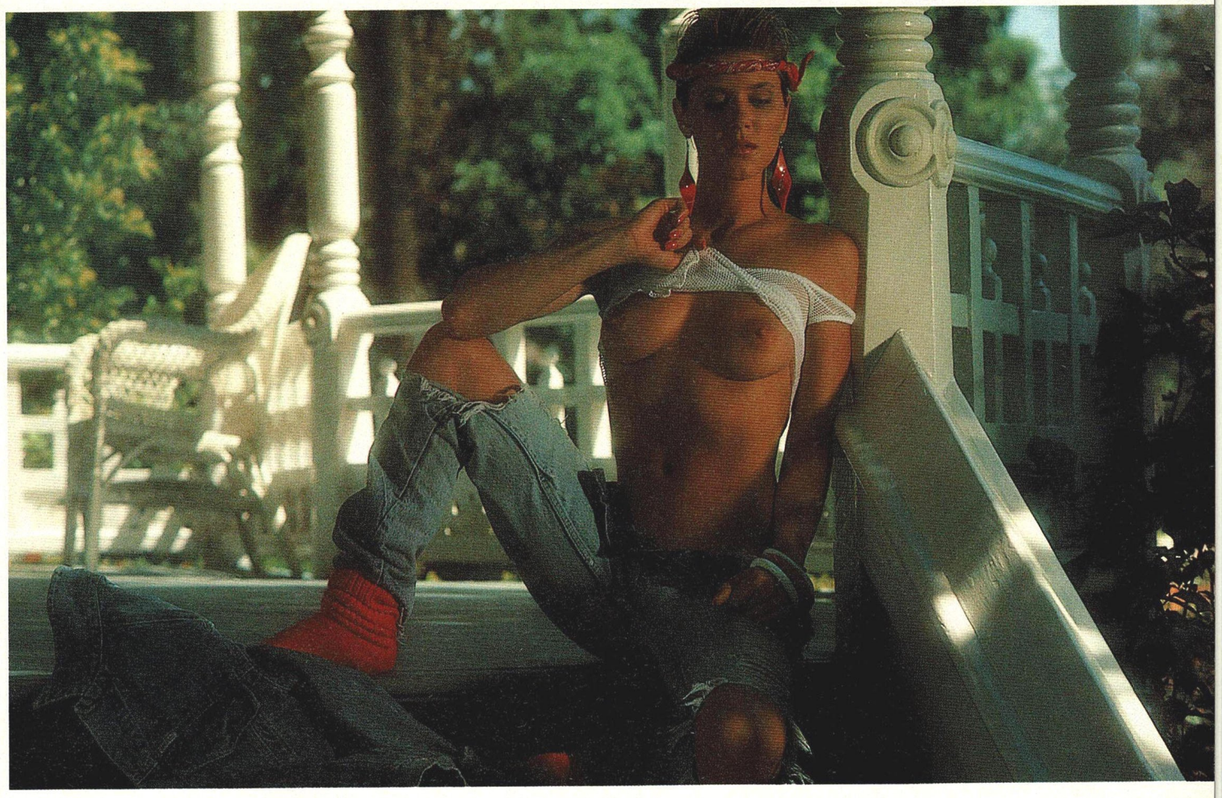
She was charming and witty, but not above giving a few orders. As Ginger and her photographer-boyfriend, **Eddie Holzman**, descended from the top floor of Sydney's Gazebo Hotel for their last-night dinner, Eddie ordered lightly through a fat lip, the result of some gentle afternoon "play", she assured us all.

Canberra, she felt, was a city with a real soul and one of the best world cities she had stayed in, although local fish-and-chip shop owners had trouble understanding "A Hamburger To Go". If she could transfer her Porsche, her earthquake-proof Beverly Hills home and rottweiler to Mac's Reef Rd she would be here next month, she reckoned.

The main concern for families in video and TV viewing was violence, she thought, and not what came naturally to most of us in the evening hours.

In many South Pacific regions, native peoples copulated on lounge-room floors while their in-laws watched *Dynasty*, she said, and no one blinked an eye. It was merely a cultural accident that the Western world, by and large, went off into another room to do in private what she had done in front of a camera, and to see it in any other context was to show one's sexual hang-ups. She had, in fact, known her real status as an erotic actress, after the whole cast and crew of the movie *Beverly Hills Cox* had given her a standing ovation for one particularly demanding scene.

After reading the Joint Parliamentary Committee On Video Material's findings Ginger declared its narrow majority report one of the most enlightened she had seen anywhere in the world. She confessed, however, that when she first heard that one witness was a crime researcher named Mr **Bottom** and another was a government censor named Mr **Dickie**, she had had serious reservations!



Holzman, could do the photography.

Hands were shaken, contracts signed, and over the following days Ginger revealed the body that stunned Americans in the early '80s.

But Ginger Lynn, fully clothed, also stunned the Aussies she met, particularly the media, who welcomed her warmly to their collective, uh, bosom.

Ginger amazed all because of her freshness and pleasant personality. Let's face it, most people assume that a retired porn star has to be a hard, tired and tetchy old tart. And then along comes this diminutive darling, full of charm, openness, and American hospitality. She wowed the natives, and in turn the natives

have certainly wowed her.

Ginger told *Playboy* that she loved Australia. Canberra she found "idyllic". She said: "It's the most wonderful place. It has a small-town atmosphere but it's not hick. The air is fresh and unpolluted, and every chance I had I rode a bike around the lake."

Sydney also scored high on Ginger's list. "It's a big, modern city," she said, "which can hold its own with any great city in the world, but it's not as nasty as some. Sydney people are not as superficial and snobby as Los Angeles people — they remind me more of people from America's mid-west. They're friendly, warm, polite, and quite charming. And then, of course, there's the natural beauty of Sydney. It's a very colourful city which reminds me a lot of Hong Kong."

During her brief sojourn in Australia Ginger ended up as a sort of unofficial ambassador for the X-rated film industry. She lobbed in Canberra to help lobby the Joint Select Committee On Video Material to reclassify X-rated films as "Non-Violent

Erotic", and put them on shop shelves.

"Most people have a seedy stereotyped image of the industry," she said, "and I like to think I'm an ambassador for what is good about the porn industry. Porn has a place if there's more than just straight-out sex in the films. I like to think of it as erotica for couples, so I don't like to see sick degradation of women, violence, that sort of stuff. When I made those films I wanted females to be able to watch them as well."

Ginger's current ambition is to conquer the world of "legitimate" film and TV and take her place among the Meryl Streeps and Diane Keatons of this world. And while she's looking for the right script, she's also busy pursuing other careers. There's Ginger the writer — she's currently co-writing a book. And there's Ginger the singer — she's signed a five-year recording contract with Mark IV Productions, and her first single, *Fantasy World*, is already out on Macola Records.

But before she puts her body under wraps for good, Ginger decided to pose for this souvenir pictorial.

She said: "Okay, you Aussie guys. Take a good, long, last look at my body. The next thing you're gonna have to deal with is my mind, and you better believe it."

Believe us, Ginger, we believe you!

THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE COMPLETELY GODLESS

Our reporter Steve Levitt tells how he went to cover the trial of Aussie missionary Ian Grey who was almost executed in Mozambique — and helped him see the light.

IAN GREY STOOD ready to leave. The interview had gone half an hour over the time allotted to us by the security police and he stood in the doorway of a room in secret police headquarters with tears streaming down his face, handing out blessings, sending cheerios, and generally reaching a stage of hysterical beatification.

I was shooting my last loaded magazine and praying that I wouldn't run out of film before the young plumber from Toowoomba, Queensland, ascended through the roof of the heavily guarded police

station. My stomach, filled with poisoned Mozambican lobster, was threatening to eject at 10 feet above sea level, at any moment.

I focused on the young missionary's face: his red-rimmed eyes sunk deep into his pale skull, red hair and a flowing beard giving the effect of a Gaelic Rasputin. I tightened my frame from eyebrow to mouth, while *60 Minutes* reporter Jeff McMullen rode the delicate line between keeping Ian suspended in his emotional flood and the extension into mental cruelty.

Then suddenly the show was over. The hapless, self-styled "Christian soldier" was led back to the narrow cell where he will spend the next few years of his life.

The story began with a phone call from a *60 Minutes* producer in the early hours of one Saturday morning. That afternoon my partner Fionna Douglas and I were winging towards Mozambique and its inevitable insanity.

The ancient Peugeot that took us from Maputo Airport to the Polano Hotel drove down wide avenues of fractured road, past buildings with broken windows and peeling paint. I was here six months earlier and I knew the city was in good shape compared to the war-ravaged countryside. Out there, a famine of Ethiopian proportions was brewing. Whatever happened to our boy Ian over the next few weeks was going to affect whether some of those people got to eat or not.

Ian Grey had confessed to working with the MNR (Mozambican National Resistance), a seriously murderous bunch of bastards, also known as RENAMO, which has earned a reputation as Africa's most brutal guerilla organisation. Founded by Rhodesian intelligence chief Ken Flowers in 1976, it was taken over lock, stock and rifle barrel by the South African Defence Forces (SADF) when Rhodesia became Zimbabwe in 1980. The SADF supply and direct the MNR to terrorise the population and destroy government infrastructure within Mozambique. This regional destabilisation is a way of discouraging black neighbours from supporting the ANC (African National Congress), keeping them economically dependent by controlling the trade links and therefore the export earnings, and demonstrating that black people can't govern themselves. This destabilisation has cost the region the equivalent of $A50 billion or more.

The MNR was recently cited in the US Congress, not famous for criticism of right-wing armies, as being responsible for the deaths of over one hundred thousand civilians in Mozambique in the past decade.

"So," I mused as we sank our third gin for the day, "what's a nice Aussie fundamentalist Christian doing with a bunch of rape and mayhem artists? And frankly, why shouldn't we just let the government shoot him?" The gin, the sun and a 60-hour jet lag was giving me crystal vision. I was playing the devil's advocate.

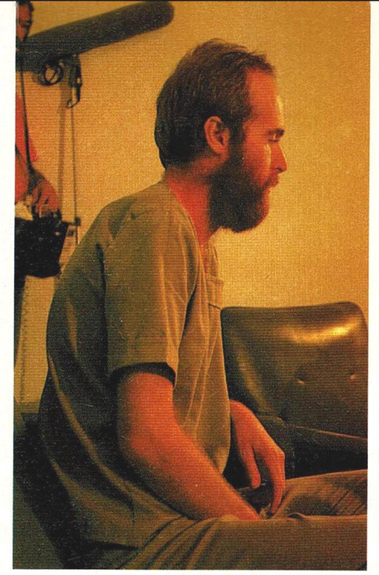
"Looks bad in the press, dear boy," said chargé d'affaires Laurie Alexander, putting his finger right on it. It was the press that had really brought the Grey case to the public attention. Some journalists travelling with Foreign Affairs Minister Bill Hayden during a visit to Mozambique early in the year had seized on Grey's arrest to beat up a few headlines.

MISSIONARY TORTURED BY BLACK MARXISTS — it kind of rolls right off the page. One particularly imaginative journalist had the "young Australian missionary" standing in a barrel of water on tip toes and being subjected to other heinous tortures. It was probably the result of a few drinks and a quiet news day, but maybe something a little more sinister. An English journalist who showed up from Zimbabwe to cover the trial had documents that implicated one of our more famous foreign correspondents as being an agent for the Pied, the notorious Portuguese Colonial Police. That connection for anyone who knows the history of the region then leads you to the next conclusion: that the same man probably went on the payroll of the South African National Intelligence Service (NIS) after independence. In the meantime the journalist in question was handing great propaganda to those who were opposed to Australia giving aid of any kind to Southern Africa, an issue that was later to be raised in Grey's defence.

After the mad rush to get there the trial was delayed for a week. My brief was to pick up Ian's father, Allan Grey, also a devout fundamentalist, and hold the rest of the press off him until the *60 Minutes* staff team appeared. Unfortunately he arrived on the same plane as the news hacks I was supposed to defend him from. He had never been out of Australia before and was under the impression that he was arriving in a country where godless black communists forced children to eat bibles before committing indescribable atrocities upon them. He was convinced that he had come to see his son become a martyr. He told me: "Ian has given himself to God, he is prepared to go before the firing squad for his faith." I could see we were in big trouble.

The first thing I did was to contact an American friend and Mennonite Christian, Mark Van Koevering. Mark is the only surviving Western witness to Mozambique's largest massacre. Trapped in a hotel room he watched with horror as the MNR butchered 500 men, women and children in the small town of Homoine. The guerillas held the town all day and unleashed their violence on the civilian population in what can only be described as an orgy of blood. No one who was seen was spared. They even broke into the hospital where they cut open the stomachs of pregnant women and mutilated the foetuses.

I caught up with him in a steamy little bar in the old red light district near the docks. The regular Saturday jazz session attracts a crowd of people who look like the entire bar scene from *Star Wars* but are in fact aid workers, spooks or minor diplomats. The



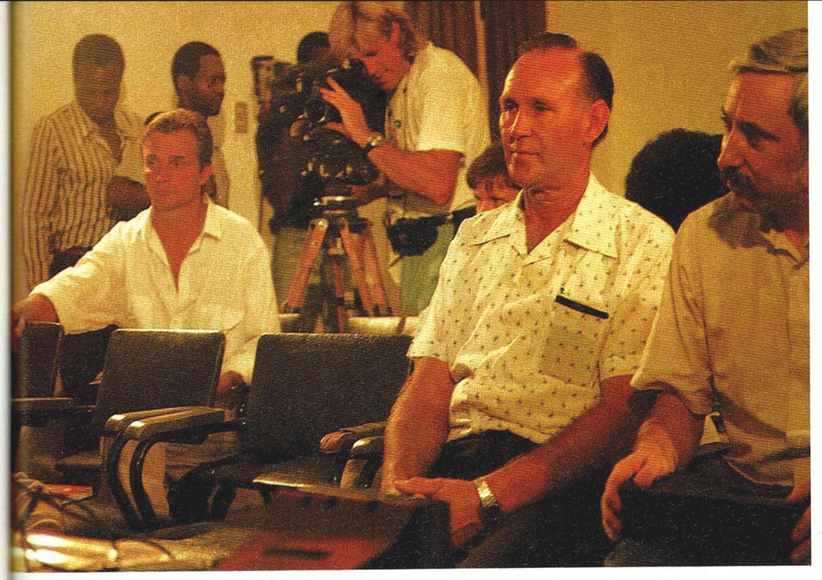
music makes the war seem a very long way away, although it is in fact less than 15km in any direction. I wanted to find a church for Allan Grey to go in, and I wanted to prove a point before he saw his son.

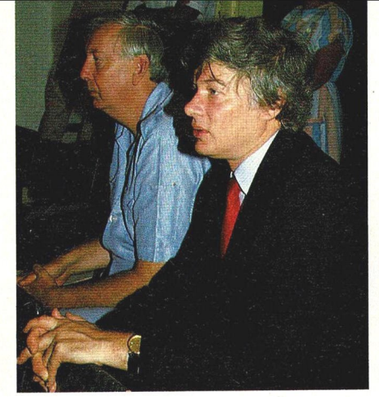
Mark was reliable as always: "There is a Christian fellowship church down town. Tomorrow's Sunday, let's take Allan Grey to a service." We finished our beers while a Dutch saxophonist sang a Satchmo tune. Maputo can be fairly bizarre.

When the stringers for the *Sydney Morning Herald* and the *Australian* found out we were taking Allan to a church service they suddenly found religion. As the only whites we were invited to sit in front of the local congregation of two thousand, which made me feel kind of prickly, but Allan Grey belonged to a fellowship church back home so he knew all the rituals. When every one was invited to demonstrate their acceptance of Jesus, four thousand eyes stared into the backs of our heads and half a dozen journalists, one of whom I know for a fact is Jewish, slowly raised their hands. It just goes to show the effect of peer group pressure, even from behind.

The congregation was asked if anyone would like to take the pulpit and address the congregation. Allan got up and walked to the microphone, my fellow journalists and recently professed Christians whipped out their cameras and notebooks, and I knew I was about to be scooped.

Allan Grey asked the congregation to pray for his son who had been arrested while working with a group called the MNR. I held my breath and waited to be torn to shreds. Most of these people would have had a friend or relative killed or mutilated by the guerillas. I panned left and right checking for a quick exit. There was a look of slow panic spreading over the minister's face as he envisioned visits from the secret police. Allan's speech became more and more emotional until he broke down weeping and speaking in tongues — an unnerving experience for us non New-Age, yet-to-be-reborns. Pens sped across notebooks and flash bulbs popped as





Left to right: Ian Grey, his red hair and flowing beard like a Gaelic Rasputin; Allan Grey (2nd from right), naive but with no lack of courage, called them as he saw them; Geoffrey (Hypotheticals) Robertson, willing to hold a press conference at the drop of a pencil.

the tearful father wept in the arms of the mulatto minister while the congregation fell about in an orgy of hallelujahs. The band started up and an American who looked like a wrestler strode in and started to sing in the style of Tom Jones.

Allan was deeply affected by the sight of Mozambicans praying for his son, a man who had been working with their enemy. He said as we were leaving: "You know my major worry about going back home is that when I tell them about this, they'll call me a communist." It had worked. Allan had seen the light. Godless communists *do* allow churches, freedom of worship was practised right here in Maputo. Hallelujah, Lord, even the Pope was scheduled to visit. Allan is naive but I can't say he lacks courage. He calls them as he sees them.

The pace picked up again with the arrival of the rest of the *60 Minutes* team, carrying a wall of silver camera boxes, hot from an interview with Cher and in the company of the very dapper Geoffrey Robertson of *Hypotheticals* fame. He is also a lawyer who gets involved in Amnesty International cases and human rights issues and he was here to defend Ian Grey. But most of all he is an Australian in spite of a pronounced Oxford accent and his arrival was worth another 10 columns to the stringers who thought they had died and gone to newspaper heaven. Then we heard that Malcolm Fraser was in Zimbabwe and planning on paying a flying visit. Another 10 columns.

The next day Allan Grey, Laurie Alexander, and Geoffrey Robertson went to a pre-trial meeting with Ian Grey at security headquarters. When they returned, Robertson, who will hold a press conference at the drop of a pencil, was able to say Allan had told Ian he had seen open churches and hospitals filled with MNR victims, and Ian had made a big mistake. Grey junior had been badly shaken. Amen.

Ian Grey turned 27 standing before a military tribunal, wearing a borrowed suit, pleading for his life. The prosecution based its case on three things: his known movements since his arrival in Mozambique in 1987; notes in his diary that referred to meetings with MNR commanders inside Mozambique and visits to MNR bases; and his own confession. The court was a military tribunal with a Mozambican Army colonel presiding over two other colonels as judges and a military prosecutor. Ian Grey faced a possible death sentence on the charge of espionage and a total of 30 years' prison on the other charges of providing logistical support to the enemy, organising people to take arms against the state, insurrection, encouraging people to rebel and communicating with the enemy. Things didn't look good.

In the sparsely furnished revolutionary court room Allan and the defence counsel sat behind Ian, who was made to stand facing the judges while the charges were read. Ian's tears fell to the dusty wooden floor. Two-thirds of the people who had stood before this court had received death sentences.

Geoffrey Robertson spoke for three-quarters of an hour without notes. He tried to explain to the court what it was like to be raised in a fundamentalist church where every word of the Old Testament is taken literally. Ian had been taught to believe that the end of the world was at hand and that only the Jews and the "righteous" would be saved. He went on to explain how Ian had survived a major motorcycle accident and felt he owed his life to God. With the $20,000 compensation he received, Ian had set off to be a missionary.

While travelling in Israel he had fallen under the influence of charismatic American fundamentalist pastor Mike Howard. Grey studied under Howard at the Zion Bible College where he was taught that the communists were the physical manifestation of the Anti-Christ. He underwent a thorough brainwashing in disinformation; big lies told often. Ian had been completely taken in: "They poisoned my mind and I truly became like a zombie, like an android. They have so much hate in their hearts."

Robertson went on to point out that Grey had been used as a tool and had in all likelihood been set up for his arrest in November of 1987. He asked the court: "How many spies in the entire history of espionage have kept a detailed diary of their activities on them?"

Then Robertson discussed Mike Howard. A cross between St John the Baptist and Rambo, Howard had skipped out of neighbouring Zimbabwe just ahead of the security forces (CIO). He then sent Grey to travel from their base in Malawi through Mozambique to Zimbabwe to pick up his household goods. He must have known that even if the Mozambican security didn't arrest Grey, then the Zimbabwean security would. Perhaps the object of the exercise was to cause a political rift between Mozambique and Australia: Australia had just announced a hundred million dollar aid package for the Southern African states, and a further $9.5 million had been earmarked by the Hawke government for Mozambique in the form of immediate food relief. Obviously, if anything happened to Ian Grey, it would make it impossible for the Australian government to continue with the aid package and it would damage Mozambique's reputation in the West. Robertson pointed out that under the circumstances, executing the young Australian would be playing into the enemy's hands.

The trial lasted for two days. On the second day Ian was asked if he had anything to say. Both father and son tend to talk in biblical terms and Ian begged forgiveness of the court: "I have sinned against the people of Mozambique."

The court-martial dropped the charge of espionage and in the end Ian copped a 10-year sentence with a chance for appeal. He will probably serve five years or less, but his case was complicated by the arrest of two mercenaries, a Belgian and a West German. The Frelimo government could hardly punish these two soldiers of fortune and let Ian walk.

The next day the *60 Minutes* crew were invited to the secret police headquarters (SNAPS) for an exclusive interview with Ian.

(continued on page 93)

PAINTING BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

LORDS *of the* FLY

Leading Australian fishing writer PETER HORROBIN tells you everything about the new "in" sport, fly-fishing.

FISHING IS ONE of Australia's highest rating participant sports, a curious fact, given that the "wide, brown land" is wide and brown for want of water.

Australians generally, however, have an affinity with things wet, and cluster along the coast and hinterland where most of the regular rain falls. When not vegetating in front of the telly, we like to be on, near, or in the water — which, by chance, is also where the fish live. Sooner or later, therefore, one in four Australians gets the urge to wet a line and snare some seafood, which provides a dandy excuse to wash it down with some ice-cold beer, or a chablis or a pinot noir.

The variety of ways in which we fish is astonishing, but none is as captivating or growing in popularity as fast as fly-fishing.

Fly-fishing is primarily a style of casting, developed to present almost weightless lures (called "flies") to fish which are seen first, then cast to. It's a fishing style high on visual engagement and adrenalin charges, to say the least. Even when the fish isn't sighted before casting, the whole affair is generally conducted at short range, giving fly-fishing an immediacy and excitement that is highly addictive.

Fly-fishing was developed as the most efficient technique of casting minuscule lures that would dupe skittish trout in clear, cold streams. Most trout flies are so small because the fish is basically an insect eater, with only occasional dietary visits to the minnow and shellfish departments of its local delicatessen.

Some flies are exquisitely handcrafted imitations of insects tied on unbelievably tiny hooks. The smallest fly is thought to be a Royal Coachman, size 40, which for

the uninitiated is somewhere in size between a gnat's eyebrow and a flea's ear. It was tied somewhere in Wisconsin in 1939, before the outbreak of the last Great Unpleasantness.

The largest flies capable of being cast by the weight of the fly-line, rather than by virtue of their own mass, have been about the size you'd use to hang a forequarter of lamb in a butcher's shop. Thousands of flies tied on hooks between these two extremes of size have been thrown with remarkable success at everything from trout to tuna and mullet to marlin.

To cast the relatively weightless fly, the rod is swept back and forth, the angler feeding the heavy fly-line further out through the guides with each false cast until he judges the airborne line will reach the fish. Then he uses the impetus of the moving fly-line on the last forward cast to propel the fly out over the water to the waiting fish.

Some fly-fishing enthusiasts pursue their sport with the single-mindedness and tenacity of a heat-seeking missile, but generally they're an affable, fun-loving lot. They do at least seem to get a lot more out of fishing than anglers whose sole motive in going out is to come back with truckloads of dead fish.

Not that you can't catch fish effectively with fly-casting tackle — far from it. Skilled fly-fishers tend to come home with limited numbers of fish more because they've caught enough to be choosey and have deliberately put the bulk of their catch back for another day. In fact, in the right hands, fly-fishing tackle is deadly.

There's something about fly-fishing, however, that encourages conservation. The decision on whether to keep or release the fish always rests, as it should, with the angler, but in a surprising number of cases the fish is given its freedom. When you speak to fly-fishermen who practise catch and release, they're obviously content to do it for reasons that range from sound long-term commonsense (ie, if you kill it now, you can't fish for it later), to an almost mystical respect for the fish.

This unstrained quality of mercy is explained by catch-and-release fishermen in terms of their being happy enough to have had the excitement and accomplishment of catching the fish in the first place. If they don't need or intend to eat the fish, proper enough as that would be, they view killing anything without good reason as demeaning, something unworthy of a sportsman. Such moderation puts them philosophically some distance from both red-necks and greenies, and generally better informed than both.

Fly-fishing was introduced into Australia in the 1800s along with the first shipments of imported live trout. Since then it's been embraced by a much wider section of the fishing community, being seen as a potent and highly enjoyable method of taking several varieties of saltwater fish too.

The ancient fly-fishermen of Britain's hallowed chalk streams would have pups if they could see Aussie fly-fishos casting the current crop of American-inspired fly-patterns in front of fish like barramundi, mackerel and even marlin! In fact, some of the bigger saltwater flies used for large, ocean-roaming fish are bigger than trout themselves.

The growth of saltwater fly-fishing's popularity has been so dramatic there's even been a buzz-word created for it. Enthusiasts are called "Swoffers", a phonetic adaptation of the letters SWF (short for Salt Water Fly). Perhaps the most significant and far-reaching aspect of fly-fishing's current pop status is that fishermen generally are beginning to realise it's not just okay for exotic species in faraway places, it can be effectively applied to bread-and-butter fish like bream, flathead and whiting, not to mention freshwater candidates like Australian bass, golden perch and Murray cod. The question in 1988 is not "What fish will take a fly?" The question is, more properly, "Which fish won't?"

In 16th and 17th century Britain, fly-fishing was hijacked by the ruling classes as a fishing style, and largely kept the province of the privileged in their exclusive trout and salmon fisheries. The fly's move into the Australian saltwater arena has brought the high enjoyment factor and viable weaponry of fly-fishing to the attention of ordinary fishermen. In egalitarian Australia today, if it swims, it's fair game for the fly.

For some fly-fishermen, the environmental experience is as prized as the challenge and confrontation of the hunt. Certainly, most fly-fishing targets live in surroundings recuperative to the human spirit: crystalline streams that splash and gurgle down steep, rocky gorges, wine-dark lakes that brood beneath leaden skies, the sharp, hard tang of seabreeze bringing relief from the sultry heat of a tropical estuary, all weave their spell and hold their treasure store of different fish.

The shy and finicky trout must be seduced into sipping down a dot of deception, the Papuan black bass hits a popping fly with the arm-wrenching jolt of a crash-tackling footballer, and absolutely no one can keep their cool when a two metre marlin slides up behind a streamer fly before inhaling it and making the rod come alive in your hands.

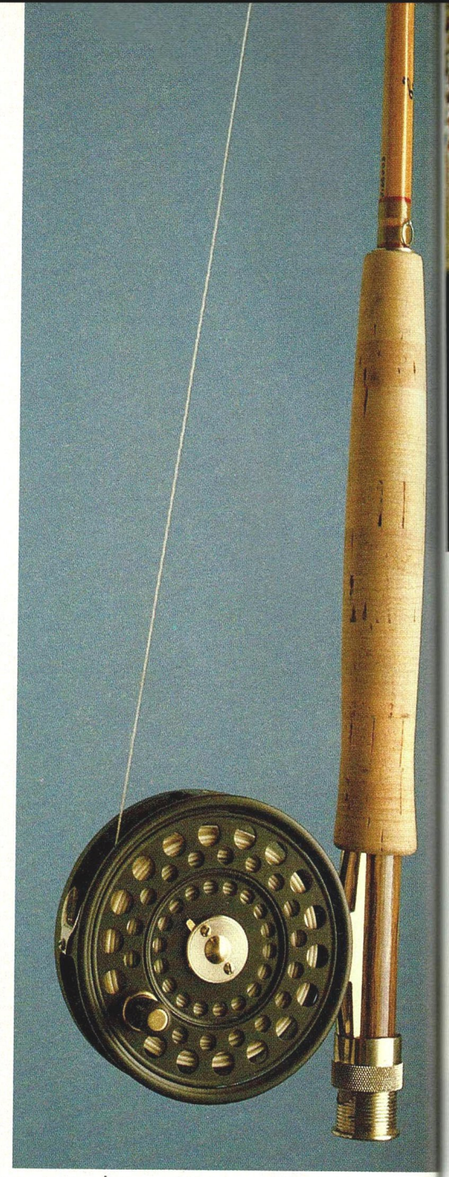
THE TACKLE, THEN AND NOW

The fly-line

In conventional fishing, a thin and weightless line is dragged from the reel by flinging the casting weight of the lure, or sinker and bait.

Fly-lines are much thicker than other fishing lines because it is the weight of the moving fly-line that carries the almost weightless fly when it's cast.

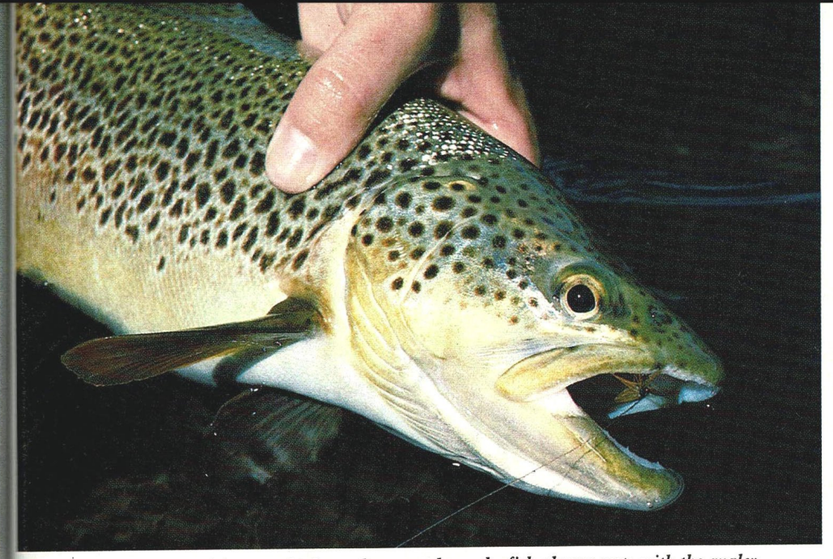
To enable the thick fly-line to be joined to the sometimes minuscule flies, an intermediate section of line is used, called a "leader". This is usually a length of ordinary nylon fishing line which is stepped down in thickness every metre or so until the end piece, or "tippit", that connects to the fly might be as low as three, or even two pounds (one kg) breaking strain, and as thin as a human hair.



Despite waterproof lines and lightweight materials, the perforated reel persists.

Early fly-lines were made of silk and the associated problems of expense and susceptibility to rotting made them a curse to look after. Modern fly-lines are generally maintenance-free, due largely to the pliable plastic coating extruded over the braided core of the line itself. This slicker surface enables the line to cut the air like a knife and to slide more easily through the rod guides, delivering more line speed and much greater distance in the cast.

At one time if you wanted your fly-line to float (essential when fishing surface-worked flies), you had to grease it and dry it and change lines during the course of the day. Now, the flotation can be built into the plastic sheathing. Whenever you wish, you can change to a line made especially to sink like a stone, very helpful when prospecting the deeps of reservoirs where many big fish live. There are also fly-lines which float in the "belly" or mid-section, and only sink at the tip, and still others which sink at a controlled rate.



The decision on whether to keep or release the fish always rests with the angler.

The shy and finicky trout must be seduced into sipping down a dot of deception, often an exquisitely handcrafted imitation of an insect on a tiny hook.

Most fly-lines these days are tapered, that is, they are thicker in one part than another. This tapering enables smoother casting and a better "roll-over" at the end of the cast to present the fly. There are special tapers for special jobs, but the most common is called a double taper: if nothing else it is good value because you can fish with one end of the line for the term of its natural life, then simply strip it off the reel, reverse it, and you have a brand-new line again.

The fly-rod

Rods, too, have been revolutionised, like the fly-lines, mostly in the technology of materials. The earliest fly-rods were made from a dense timber known as "greenheart". It was difficult to procure and process into a satisfactory rod, and it was prone to break when you least wanted it to, like on the fish of a lifetime.

Gradually the heavy greenheart rod was replaced by the lighter cane, then the still lighter split-cane rod, the latter becoming a classic. Some fly-fishermen still prefer the particular action of a well-crafted split-cane rod, and are prepared to pay dearly for the privilege. Most fly-rods, though, are made from more modern synthetics like tubular fibreglass. More recently, these light, fast and durable rods have been lent the sophistication of space-age materials like Kevla, boron, and graphite.

The modern fly-rod is an incredibly capable casting tool. The addition of these more exotic materials in the construction of tubular fly-rods has produced a rod so light you hardly know you're holding it, yet so powerful that two metre rods can be used to cast distances of 30 metres or more, distances once the province of two to three metre fibreglass models. The same cast in the old days, if it could have been achieved at all, would have needed a massive and unwieldy three metre plus greenheart or cane pole and you'd have had to sit down between casts to get your breath back.

As potent as these new rods are, the average distance you'll need to throw in freshwater fly-fishing is around 10 to 12 metres, often less, and presentation is usually best if gentle and controlled. In saltwater fly-fishing, 15 to 20 metre casts are usually plenty, but because saltwater fish are more mobile, the cast needs to be quick and accurate, so stiffer, fast action rods are used.

The fly-reel

Reels used for fly-fishing range from the simplest of centrepins, used primarily as somewhere to store the fly-line when it's not in the air or on the water. Some, however, are highly engineered pieces of machinery with enormous line capacity and the ability to tame even ferocious gamefish.

The range between varies greatly in quality and attention to detail. Some are tailored to fit the pockets of the young, or beginners with limited commitment, others are exquisite examples of engineering excellence and innovative metallurgy, and you'll need to check your collateral before ordering one. But all do the same basic job of storing the fly-line and releasing it under control when required.

All fly-reels at one time used to be made with holes drilled in the front and back plates of the spool. This was done to lighten the reel so as to fatigue the angler less (remember the telegraph poles they once used for rods), and also to help the sodden silk fly-lines dry out.

These days the waterproof fly-lines don't need the drying holes, but the flyfisher's fixation with light weight and tradition has seen the perforated reel style persist.

LEARNING HOW TO FLY-FISH

Some fly-fishers learn the basic skills from older family members or more experienced angling friends, but a shortage of dutch uncle/instructor acquaintances needn't stop you getting into this rewarding outdoor pursuit.

Several experienced and accomplished fly-fishing anglers have learned their craft through the services of specialist fly-fishing schools like those run in the Snowy Mountains border region of Khancoban by Mike Spry.

Mike operates a series of trout-oriented fly-fishing schools, either live-in or day-based, and can take you right from the elements of fly-casting, through a grasp of the food and habits of trout in streams and lakes, to

(continued on page 107)

INSIDE THE NEW RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

Who is this GORБACHEV guy anyway?

Article by **ROBERT SCHEER**

MIKHAIL GORBACHEV. As I watched the man at a reception in the Palace of Congress at the Kremlin, where my outstretched hand had been pushed aside by Yoko Ono's mad charge to present the top Bolshevik with some memento of John Lennon's music, while off to the side Gore Vidal sought to engage Andrei Sakharov, just released from his exile in Gorky, and Andrei Gromyko wanly smiled at Norman Mailer, it seemed as if the benign lunatics had taken over the asylum.

Unbelievable. A pragmatic and appealing Soviet leader replacing the septuagenarian hacks who had seemed destined to run that nation into the ground. Before him, there seemed little hope of altering the collision course of the superpowers. After him, the Soviet Union and the Cold War would never be the same.

How did it happen? What playwright would dare introduce a character who is such an immense departure from the characters who preceded him? Who is Gorbachev, what does he represent, who are the people around him and will he last?

For three months in the spring and the autumn of 1987, the year of *glasnost* (openness) and *perestroika* (restructuring), I talked with the new Soviet elite — leading editors, Central Committee and Politburo members of the Communist Party, high government technicians who had been swept into power by this new man and his program. I talked also with the new crew running the Chernobyl nuclear power plant after the disaster that, more than any other factor, had jolted the Soviet leaders into a full appreciation of what nuclear weapons might do. And I talked with the people who had gone to college with Gorbachev to glimpse the roots of this man who, like Peter the Great, would attempt once again the great Westernisation of Mother Russia.

Documenting Gorbachev's biography and many other facets of Russian life remains difficult in that still-closed society, but it is now possible to begin a serious inquiry that would have been impossible just a few years ago. That is why I went.

I have had a lifetime of being lectured and lied to in capitals from Hanoi to Washington and from Cairo to Havana. But nowhere was the interview process reduced to such depths of stultification as in the Soviet Union of the recent past. On my trips there during the '60s and the early '70s, the effect of reporting on the Soviet line was so — boring is the only word that fits — that I resolved never to return again as a journalist.

This time, I was shocked by the pace of change in my area of interest. I don't mean changes in factory management, chicken production or even the democratisation of the Communist Party, all of which have been promised by Gorbachev and are still emerging. But out there on *my* beat, armed with my tape recorder, notebooks and lots of questions, the new mood was intoxicating. Who in his right mind could have predicted that talking with Soviet officials and other notables might prove stimulating, even — Marx forbid — fun?

Over seemingly endless trays of cookies and tea served in the Politburo offices of Aleksandr Yakovlev, the far-larger quarters inherited by Ivan Laptev, editor of *Izvestia*, the government newspaper, or the downright dingy and cluttered cubicle of cinematographer and pacifist Alex Aleksandrov, the themes and the spirit were similar. The message was a replay of Lenin's old question, What is to be done? It seemed again a call for a revolution within the revolution, rendered more urgent now that much of the post-Lenin program has been judged a failure. What is to come? What kind of economy? How much pluralism? What about bureaucracy and human rights? I found the questions — an urgent, constant pecking at the once forbidden — mostly brash and open, the answers, however, were elusive, all the more elusive since none of this change is occurring without resistance, which is pervasive and palpable.

This uncertain chapter of Russian history, with its vast implications for the world, took most people by surprise. But if you listened closely, you could hear the sound of change coming even before the reign of Gorbachev, in the final days of Yuri Andropov. He was the dour KGB chief who, in his brief 15 months as head of all the Russias, managed to set in motion the process now called *perestroika*. Georgi Arbatov, the director of the United States of America and Canada Institute, was the first to sing Andropov's praises to me. "He is a modern man and if he lives, you will see big changes," Arbatov had said when I first encountered him in 1983 at the Amsterdam conference of the International Physicians For The Prevention Of Nuclear War. Andropov didn't get his chance, but he did have an impact.

As head of the KGB, Andropov learned the full truth of the sorry state of the Soviet economy and the degree of corruption that ran rampant through its political life. Rather than join in sharing the spoils, he began plotting the demise of the Brezhnev era by advancing the careers of men such as Gorbachev, who appeared to have avoided corruption. While Andropov certainly had the blood of KGB repression on his hands, he seemed, by his own brief actions as General Secretary, and by the company he chose to keep, to have been committed to a better way.

During one afternoon Arbatov spent with me, ruminating in the den of his cluttered office in a 19th century merchant's house in Moscow in 1987, he showed me a poem that Andropov had sent to him in the last weeks of his life, which contained the line, "It is said that power corrupts men, but I have learned that it is men who corrupt power."

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ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

JODY

REVS IT UP !

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

SYDNEY ACTRESS/DANCER Jody Parker refuses to reveal her secret fantasy because it's so over the top it's best kept a, well, secret. However, one fantasy Jody's prepared to go public about is her desire to get down and get dirty in a garage.

Consequently the *Australian Playboy* staff, a very philanthropic lot who like to let women do what they really want, invited Jody to indulge her garage fantasy.

And after a torrid session in a Darlinghurst grease pit, Jody was one hell of a happy gal. She reported: "Honestly, I did like the grease and dirt. I don't mind at all getting a bit dirty. The thing about being naked and draping yourself over a car in a garage is that it is essentially sexy.

"This is a real male world you're stepping into. I'm sure that guys themselves get turned on while they're working in their garage. They're

tinkering away with something that they love, their car, which to them is as important a part of their image to women as clothes are, and I'm sure their minds tick over about their sexual fantasies.

"I think that's why you often see nude calendars in garages, and I've always considered that sex in such a male bastion would be playful. And of course I've always fancied mechanics because they're good with their hands. I must stress, though, that the only thing I wouldn't like is if the sex itself was mechanical. Sex is natural but there must be some love and romance there as well."

When not making deep and meaningful comments about love-life in garages, Jody keeps persevering with her acting life. She hasn't cracked the big role yet, but she's sure put in a lot of practice.

She had the role of footy star Wayne Pearce's girlfriend in *The First Kangaroos*, played a vampire in *Colonial Cavalry*, and featured as a college student in *The Howling III*, as well as *The Phoenix Ring*.

So the chances are you could be seeing a lot of Jody in the near future... hang on, what are we saying? You can see a lot of Jody right now, in her very own centrefold.

NAME
Jody Parker

BUST
84cm (33'')

WAIST
61cm (24'')

HIPS
84cm (33'')

HEIGHT
163cm (5'4'')

WEIGHT
46kg

BIRTH DATE
7/9/66

SIGN
Virgo

AMBITION
To be a world-wide entertainer both on stage and in films.

TURN-ONS
Freedom, beautiful music, ballet, and the ocean.

TURN-OFFS
Snobbery and a lack of compassion.

FAVOURITE PERFORMERS
John Cleese, Margot Fonteyn, Fred Astaire.

FAVOURITE BOOKS
Tess Of The D'Urbervilles (Thomas Hardy), *Deidre Of The Sorrows*(J.M. Synge), *The Outsider* (Albert Camus).

IDEAL MAN
First he must be genuine and creative, a man who loves life and is physically appealing to me.

SECRET FANTASY
It's too secret!

MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Jody Parker

11 km

PARTY JOKES

Two men were shipwrecked in the far north of Queensland, and after a few days of surviving off the land, they both became constipated. They stumbled across an Aboriginal community, but after gratefully receiving some water, the two men rolled around moaning, complaining of their constipated condition.

One of the Aboriginals pointed out a palm tree, and told the men that if they crushed the leaves and inserted them into the afflicted area, they would be cured. The two men took the Aboriginal's advice, and soon they were relieved of their discomfort. One of the men picked up a palm leaf and, turning to the other, said, "You know, with fronds like these, who needs enemas."

A vicar was travelling on a long train journey when three beautiful young ladies entered his compartment. Gradually they got to chatting, and the vicar asked them what they did for a living. "We're chorus girls," they replied, "Playing in pantomime."

"So what's the name of the pantomime?" asked the vicar.

"Dick Whittington," replied one of the girls.

"Really," said the vicar, offering them each a peppermint. "And who takes Dick?"

"We all do," laughed the girls, "but not for peppermints."

A young man dressed in cricket gear waddled into the casualty section of the local hospital in obvious pain and approached a nurse.

"What's wrong with you, sir?" queried the nurse.

"I've got a cricket ball stuck in my rectum," he replied.

"How's that?" asked the nurse inquisitively.

"Don't you start too!" yelled her hapless patient.

A little Aboriginal boy painted his face with whitewash and said to his father, "Look, daddy, I'm a white boy!"

"Don't be so damn stupid," said his father, giving him a cuff on the ear.

The boy ran out shouting to his mother, "Look, mummy, I'm a white boy!"

"You ought to have more sense," said his mother, slapping him across the face.

The kid decided to have one more try when his uncle stepped through the door. "Look, Uncle Sam," he cried, "I'm a white boy!"

"Shut your face," said his uncle, booting him in the behind.

The little boy rubbed his backside reflectively, and then said: "I've only been white for 10 minutes, and already I hate you black bastards!"

A man travelling by intercity express was in urgent need of using the men's room, but each time he tried the door it was occupied. The stewardess, aware of his predicament, suggested that he use the ladies' room, but cautioned him against pressing any of the buttons on the wall. The buttons were marked WW, WA, PP and ATR.

Eventually his curiosity got the better of him and, sitting there, he carefully pressed the first button marked WW. Immediately warm water sprayed gently over his arse. He thought, Jeez, the girls really have it made. Still feeling curious, he pressed the next button WA, and warm air dried his arse completely. He thought this was out of this world. The button marked PP yielded a large powder puff which patted his bottom lightly with a special scented powder. Naturally he just couldn't resist the one marked ATR.

He awoke in hospital, panicked and buzzed for a nurse. When she appeared he yelled out, "What happened? The last thing I remember I was in the ladies' room aboard the train."

The nurse replied, "Yes, you were, but you were cautioned about pressing the buttons. Everything was fine until you pressed the one marked ATR, which stands for automatic tampon remover. Your penis is under your pillow. . ."

An elderly woman entered a large furniture store and was greeted by a much younger salesman. "Is there something in particular I may show you?" he asked.

"Yes, I want to buy a sexual sofa," she said.

"You mean a *sectional* sofa?" he suggested.

"Sectional, schmectional," she said, shrugging. "All I want is an occasional piece in the living room."

An orthopaedic surgeon approached Saint Peter at the Pearly Gates and complained, "There must be some mistake. I'm not supposed to be here yet — I'm only 52."

"I'll have to check our records," Saint Peter said. "You'll see," said the orthopod, "it's not my time."

Several minutes later, Saint Peter came back and said, "I'm sorry, everything seems to be in order."

"It can't *be*! I'm only 52."

"Not according to our records," Saint Peter replied. "I personally checked your file and, based on your Medicare billing hours, you're 78."

What's the difference between a poodle humping your leg and a pit bull humping your leg? You let the pit bull finish.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"But sir, this isn't even my table."

The Girl Who Took Lessons

"My god," he gasped, stunned. "What you've learned!"

KAREN VAUGHAN LOOKED at her watch. "Oh my goodness, I'm late," she exclaimed, for all the world like the White Rabbit. Her fork clattered on her plate as she got up from the table. Two quick strides took her to her husband. She pecked him on the cheek. "I've got to run, Mike. Have fun with the dishes. See you a little past 10."

He was still eating. By the time he'd swallowed the bite of chicken breast he'd been chewing, Karen was almost out the door. "What is it tonight?" he called after her. "The cake-decorating class?"

She frowned at him for forgetting. "No, that's Tuesdays. Tonight it's law for non-lawyers."

"Oh, that's right. Sorry." The apology, he feared, went for naught; Karen's heels were already clicking on the stairs as she headed for the garage. Sighing, he finished dinner. He didn't feel especially guilty about not being able to keep track of all his wife's classes. He wondered how she managed herself.

He squirted liquid soap into the sink and attacked the dishes. When they were done, he settled into the rocking chair with the latest Tom Clancy thriller. His hobbies were books and tropical fish, both of which kept him close to their unit. After spending the first couple of years of their marriage wondering just what Karen's hobbies were, he'd decided her main one was taking lessons. Nothing that had happened since made him want to change his mind.

Horseback riding, French cuisine, balance sheets — what it was didn't matter, Mike thought in the couple of minutes before the novel completely engrossed him. If the university extension or the local WEA or anybody else offered a course that piqued her interest, Karen would sign up for it. Once in a while she'd sign him up too. He'd learned to waltz that way. He didn't suppose it had

fiction by HARRY TURTLEDOVE

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MUKAI

done him any lasting harm.

Tonight's chicken breasts, sautéed in a white wine sauce with fresh basil, garlic, and onions, were a legacy of the French cooking class. That was one that had left behind some lasting good. So had the balance sheet course, which helped Karen get a promotion at the accounting firm she worked for. But she hadn't even looked at the épée in the hall cupboard for at least three years. That was all right with him. They could afford it, and he'd come to look forward to his frequent early evening privacy. He started to immerse himself in his thriller, and the barking thunder of assault rifles made him stop worrying about his wife's classes.

He jumped at the noise of her key in the deadlock. By the time she got in, though, he was back to the real world. He got up and gave her a hug. "How'd it go?"

"All right, I guess. We're going to get a quiz next week. God knows when I'll have time to study." She said that whenever she had any kind of test coming up. She always did fine.

While she was talking, she hung her suit jacket in the hall cupboard. Then she walked down the hall to the bathroom, shedding more clothes as she went. By the time she got to the shower door, she was naked.

As he always did, Mike followed appreciatively, picking up after her. He liked to look at her. She was a natural blonde, and hardly more than a kilo or two heavier than the day they got married. He wished he could say the same.

He took off his own clothes while she was getting clean, scratched at the thick black hair on his chest and stomach. He sighed. Yes, he was an increasingly well-fed bear these days.

"Your turn," Karen said, emerging pink and glowing.

She was wearing a teddy instead of pyjamas when he came back into the bedroom. "Hi there," she said, grinning. After a decade of living together, a lot of their communication went on without words. She turned off the light as he hurried toward the bed.

Afterwards, drifting toward sleep, he had a thought that had occurred to him before: she made love like an accountant. He'd never said that to her, for fear of hurting her feelings, but he meant it as a compliment. She was as competent and orderly in bed as out, and if there were few surprises there were also few disappointments. "No, indeed," he muttered.

"What?" Karen asked. Only a long, slow breath answered her.

Their days went on in that regular fashion, except for the occasional Tuesday when Karen came home with bits of icing in her hair. But the magnificent chocolate cake she did up for Mike's birthday showed she really got something out of that class.

Then, out of the blue, her firm decided to send her interstate for three weeks. "We just got a big multinational for a client," she explained to Mike, "and fighting off a takeover bid has left their taxes screwed up like you wouldn't believe."

"And your people want *you* to help straighten things out?" he said. "That's a feather in your cap."

"I'll just be part of a team, you know."

"All the same."

"I know," she said, "but three weeks! All my classes will go to hell. And," she added, as if suddenly remembering, "I'll miss you."

Typical, thought Mike. But he wasn't too annoyed. He knew Karen was like that. "I'll miss you too," he said, and meant it; they hadn't been apart for more than a couple of days at a time since they'd been married.

Next Monday morning, he made one of love's ultimate sacrifices — he took a half-day off from his engineering job to drive her to the airport through rush-hour traffic. They kissed in the unloading zone till the fellow in the car behind them leaned on his horn. Then Karen scooped her bags out of the boot and dashed into the terminal.

While she was away, Mike did a lot of the cliché'd things men do when apart from their wives. He worked late several times; going home seemed less attractive without anyone to go home to. He rediscovered all the reasons why he didn't like fast food or frozen entrées. He got horny and rented *Behind The Green Door*, only to find out few things were lonelier than watching a dirty movie by himself.

He had all he could do not to explode the instant she took him in her mouth. When at last he entered her, it was like sliding into heated honey.

He talked with Karen every two or three days. Sometimes he'd call, sometimes she would. She called one of the nights he stayed late at the office and, when he called her the next day, accused him of having been out with a floozie. "'Bimbo' is the '80s word," he told her. They both laughed.

Just when he was eagerly looking forward to having her home, she let him know she'd have to stay another two weeks. "I'm sorry," she said, "but the situation here is so complicated that if we don't straighten it out now once and for all, we'll have to keep messing with it for the next five years."

"What am I supposed to do, chuck a fit?" He felt like it. "I'll see you in two weeks." From his tone of voice, she might have been talking about the 21st century — and the late 21st century, at that.

•

Another cliché'd thing for a man to do is hug his wife silly when she finally gets off her plane. Mike did it.

"Well," Karen said, once she had her breath back. "Hello."

He looked at his watch. "Come on," he said, herding her toward the baggage claim.

"I made reservations at that Szechwan place we go to, assuming your flight would be an hour late. And since you were only 40 minutes late —"

"— we have a chance to get stuck on the freeway instead," Karen finished for him. "Sounds good. Let's do it."

"Dinner first," he said. She snorted.

The world — even traffic — was a lot easier to handle after spicy pork and a couple of cold Tsing Tao beers. Mike said so, adding, "The company doesn't hurt, either." Karen was looking out the window. She didn't seem to have heard him.

When they got back to the unit, she frowned for a few seconds. Then her face cleared. She pointed to Mike's fish tanks. "I've been gone too long. I hear all the pumps and filters and things bubbling away. I'll have to get used to screening them out again."

"You've been gone too long." Mike set down her suitcases. He hugged her again. "That says it all." His right hand cupped her left buttock. "Almost all, anyway."

She drew away from him. "Let me get cleaned up first. I've been in cars and a plane and airports all day long, and I feel really grubby."

"Sure." They walked to the bedroom together. He took off his clothes while she was getting out of hers. He flopped down on the bed. "After five weeks, I can probably just about stand waiting another 15 minutes."

"Okay," she said. She went into the bathroom. He listened to the shower running, then to the blow dryer's electric whine. When she came back, one of her eyebrows quirked. "From the look of you, I'd say you could just barely wait."

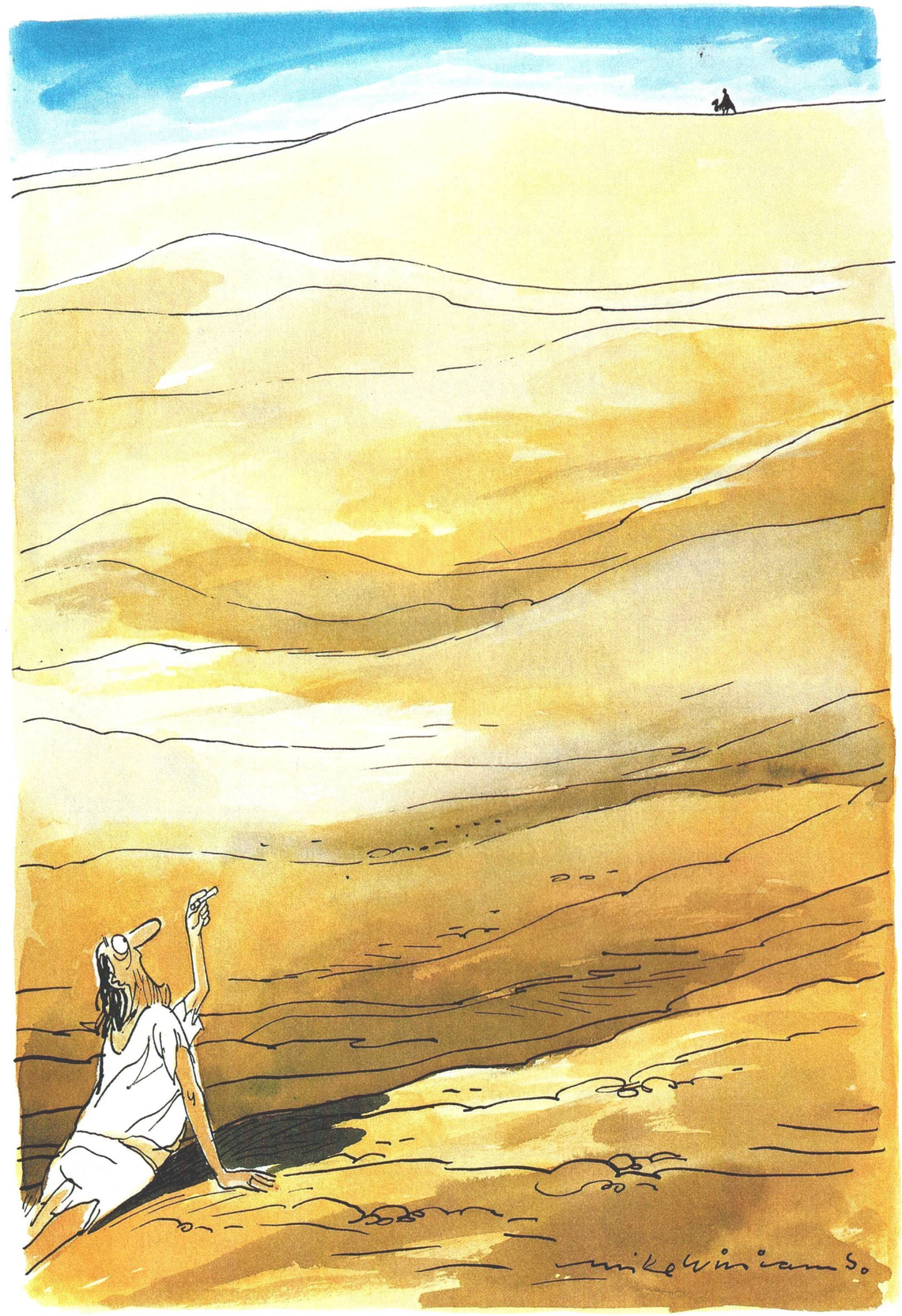
She got down on the bed beside him. After a while, Mike noticed long abstinence wasn't the only thing cranking his excitement to a pitch he hadn't felt since their honeymoon and maybe not then. Every time, every place she touched him, her caress seemed a sugared flame. And he had all he could do not to explode the instant she took him in her mouth. Snakes wished for tongues like that, he thought dizzily.

When at last he entered her, it was like sliding into heated honey. Again he thought he would come at once. But her smooth yet irresistible motion under him urged him on and on to a peak of pleasure, and then to a place past that. Like a thunderclap, his climax left him stunned.

"My God," he gasped, stunned still, "you've been taking lessons!"

From only a few centimetres away, he watched her face change. For a moment, he did not know what the change meant. Of all the expressions she might put on, calculation was the last he expected right now. Then she answered him. "Yes," she said, "I have. . ."

The law for non-lawyers course did not go to waste. A couple of months later, she did their divorce herself.



"I said, do you mind if I smoke?"

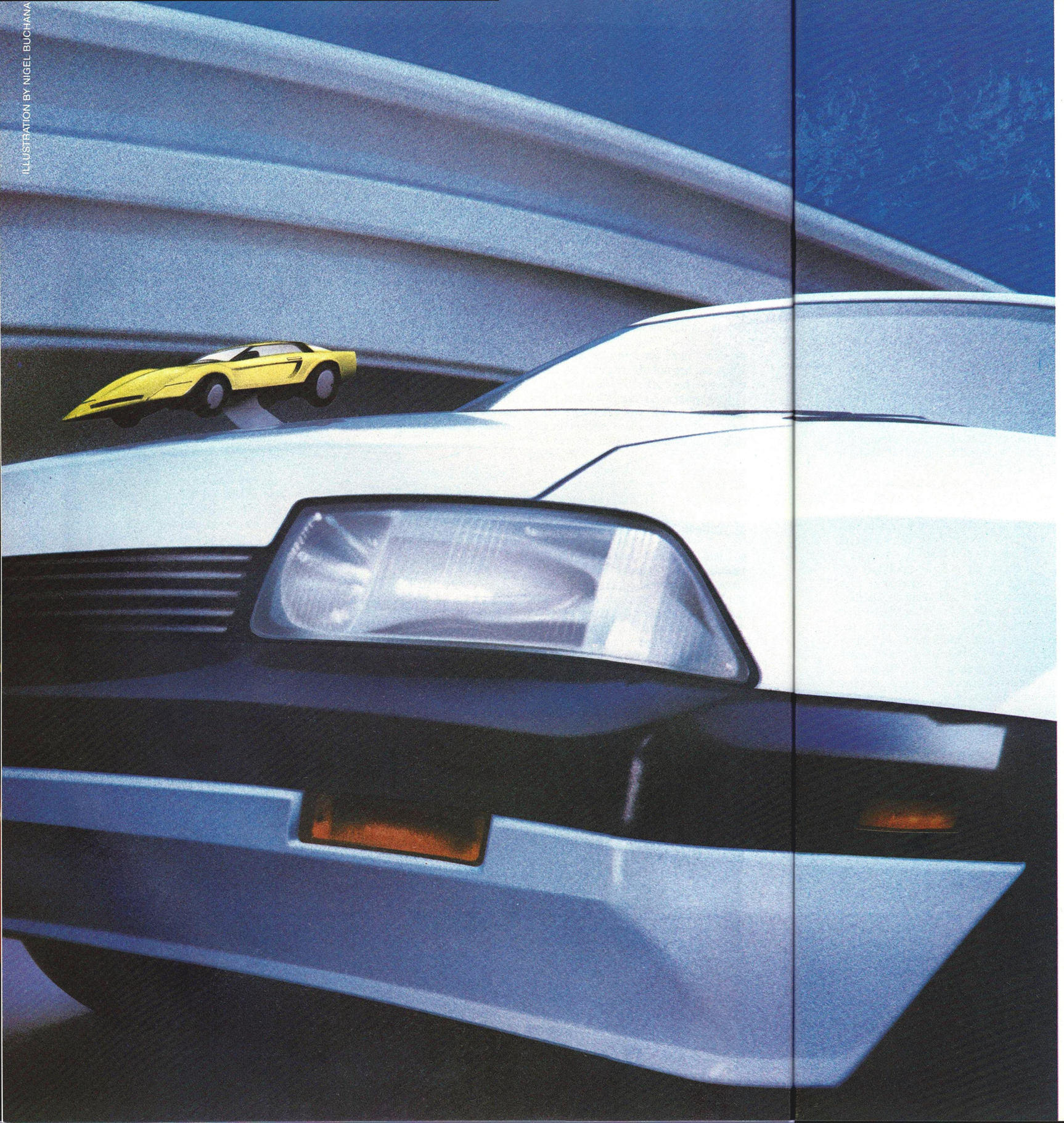


ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

EXOTICARS

Motor industry takeovers could result in the best exotic cars ever seen — provided the accountants stay out of the engineering shops.

ROB LUCK *reports.*

It was in the winter solstice of 1986 on a bitter January workday, high in the "Black Tower" of General Motors corporate head office on West Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan, USA. The finance director authorised a "routine" OS draft and entered it into the electronic fund transfer system. Nanoseconds later it pipped into the office of a small, specialised, manufacturing establishment located in tiny, isolated Hethel, cossetted in the soft, rolling, green hills near Norwich, in Norfolk, UK.

In the zap of an electronic eye, the world's largest motor corporation had begun to reshape the world motor industry for the 1990s — General Motors had just bought Lotus Cars. And for an automotive pittance: $US30 million ($A40m).

Outside GM boardrooms, few people, if any, could have perceived the significance of GM's raid on what looked like an esoteric, self-indulgent and financially embattled specialist producer of high-performance sportscars.

But the General's vision, as if down a long, fibre-optic light cable into the future, was focused on the next two decades. What America's largest autocorp had just purchased was a stake in the cutting edge of the advanced technology of the future.

While Wall Street stifled a yawn, corporate heads jerked to attention in rival auto boardrooms. Unwittingly or no, General Motors had more or less started a corporate grab for the boutique car builders that has seen every last one absorbed into the multinational empires.

(In a way, the automotive corporate raids probably started with Ferrari, which went under to Europe's largest car builder, Fiat, in 1969 at the same time as it grabbed Lancia, and specialist engine/car builder Abarth followed in 1981. But Fiat always left Ferrari to its own devices, injecting money, but taking a low profile in the exchange of resources. Certainly Ferrari undertook plenty of design work, but Fiat made little capital out of it.)

Ford has devoured Aston Martin, plus AC Cars (the company out of which evolved the Cobras, the Le Mans-winning GT40 Fords, the Shelby Mustangs and more). For good measure, they captured Ghia, the style studio that crafts exotics. It has been put to work on everything from exoticars to the new Ford Capri to be built in Australia for world markets.

Chrysler has reeled in Maserati and now Lamborghini, two names that between them epitomise most of Italy's exotic and race-craft folklore. The Lamborghini Countach has been regarded as the ultimate automotive orgasm for more than a decade and a half. Pronounced Coon-tarsh, this Turinese word in effect means "shit hot". Under the new

arrangement this sensational supercar has virtually become the stable-mate of units like the Dodge Diplomat and the Plymouth LeBaron, which, to maintain the automotive analogy in excremental terms, might be described by the *cognoscenti* as "turds on wheels".

So what would an overblown corporate juggernaut want with a delicately balanced, nervous, highly strung exotic. The answer is, basically. . . to lift its game.

Once again, the name of the game is technology. Chrysler is looking for it and Lamborghini/Maserati have it. Not only that, they have something else that is far removed from the mass-stamped yankee hardware — charisma. Just the mention of the name, it is hoped, will touch the mediocre with a little greatness.

But the traffic on the takeover street is bi-directional. If Lamborghini and Maserati have technology and charisma, then what they lack is dollars. Cash-flushed Chrysler has greenbacks — vaults of 'em (colourful, controversial Chrysler Corp president Lee Iaccoca earned $20 million-plus last year out of Chrysler's roll-ahead marketing fortunes).

So Chrysler is sinking money and resources into Lamborghini to enable the firm to produce the sort of machinery it is capable of.

Chrysler played the B Side of its corporate acquisition tune with Maserati. In America it has already launched "The TC by Maserati", a sporty two-door drop-top wearing the famous nameplate from Modena. Another dozen or so models are expected within two years, adding a touch of Italian glamour to the jaded Chrysler showroom haunts.

No such plan exists for Lamborghini. Mike Hammas, VP of Chrysler's international operations has declared a hands-off policy. By injecting funds, Chrysler will build Lamborghini's stature in the international marketplace. Hammas, who got a bargain of a buy at somewhere under the $20 mill mark, plans 3000-a-year production for Lamborghini by 1990 (last year it built 187). Of course, Chrysler can do what Lamborghini couldn't — get the cars it builds quickly through the maze of American safety and environmental regulations.

Chrysler put its corporate cards on the international table quite quickly, unveiling a production-possible five-seater exotic at a recent European motor show. The Portofino turned heads and sent buyers scurrying for their chequebooks. Chrysler promised production by 1990. There will be a queue that extends far past the current projected production run.

Another important new model is on the way — a new high-tech sporty car to sell around the $60,000 mark. It's no surprise that it's pitched directly against General Motors proposed mega-Chevy — the Corvette Indy.

●

Which brings us back to Lotus.

When the man with the golden name, Charles Golden of General Motors, took his golden money gun and went company head-hunting in Europe, one of the projects he had in mind was the next generation of American super-exotics. Which means the Chev Corvette Indy.

This machine takes the exoticar concept of the '70s and projects it into the future shock era of year 2000 and beyond. The body envelope is something straight out of *Star Wars*, with space-fighter panelwork, bubble-canopy and ground-clinging aero. And it's built from aerospace materials (composite carbon, deformable plastics, titanium, honeycomb sandwiches) with space-age equipment (advanced electronics, sat-nav, anti-crash radar etc.)

General Motors has no difficulty with this level of technology — it's an instinctive element of its design and engineering warehouses. What they lack is the real performance hardware: high-tech, high-performance engines, suspension, brakes and driveline capable of handling space-age speeds.

Lotus is literally buried in this technology. So for the Chevy, due to launch in America in the fall of 1989 (October next year) for the 1990 model year, Lotus will provide much of the performance hardware.

If Lamborghini and Maserati have charisma and technology, what they lack is dollars. Cash-flushed Chrysler has vaults of them.

The end product will be a car that will sit on showroom floors with a 400-plus horsepower donk under the bonnet, the world's most advanced race-car suspension, four-wheel-drive and many other features. The target price is around $60,000, although it could easily climb another 20 or so. No matter, since it is entering the rarefied atmosphere of Ferrari and Lamborghini which ask $100,000-plus in the States.

GM, which virtually wrote the rules for the exoticar takeovers, will expect, and get, much more out of Lotus.

Firstly, the Lotus nameplate will be stamped on to hundreds of thousands of GM products world-wide over the next few years. This will be carefully handled, since Lotus will continue producing exotics and neither company wants to prostitute the product. So the famous green-and-gold Lotus badge that has graced many world championship-winning Formula cars will not appear on GM mass-prod cars. Instead, you'll see post-scripts like "Handling By Lotus" or "Powered By Lotus".

It has already started. Last October, Isuzu, a GM affiliate in Japan, launched a Lotus-modified Piazza (a two-plus-two coupé marketed here by Holden). Later this year, General Motors will launch what it dubs the King Of The Hill Corvette with 400bhp quad-cam engine tweaked over by Lotus.

Let's not forget Australia. Michael Kimberley, chief executive and managing director of Group Lotus, was recently seen having a deep and meaningful discussion with GM-H managing director John Bagshaw in a posh Melbourne restaurant. There's no such thing as a free lunch, and Bagshaw's boys can be expected to be forking out for a Lotus-modded model-range soon.

When you consider what's in the pipeline it makes sense — a quad-cam head for the V8 Holden (the new Euro-bred model is about to be launched) could add up to both sales and race success for the local General.

And what about the Toyota range that GM will soon share? Lotus can inject some real fire into products like Camry and Corolla (Camry will get a Toyota quad-cam V6 engine shortly, but still lacks the kind of chassis refinement that Lotus could install).

Further down the road is the new Lotus M100 — the sensational new small two-seater sporty. A special mass-prod version is destined for GM showrooms around the world to compete with the new Aussie-built Capri sporty.

Meanwhile, Lotus is getting on with its own game. Kimberley, a genial giant amongst the specialist-manufacturer generals, was in Australia to launch the new Lotus Turbo Esprit, the first Lotus model to benefit from the GM funds injection.

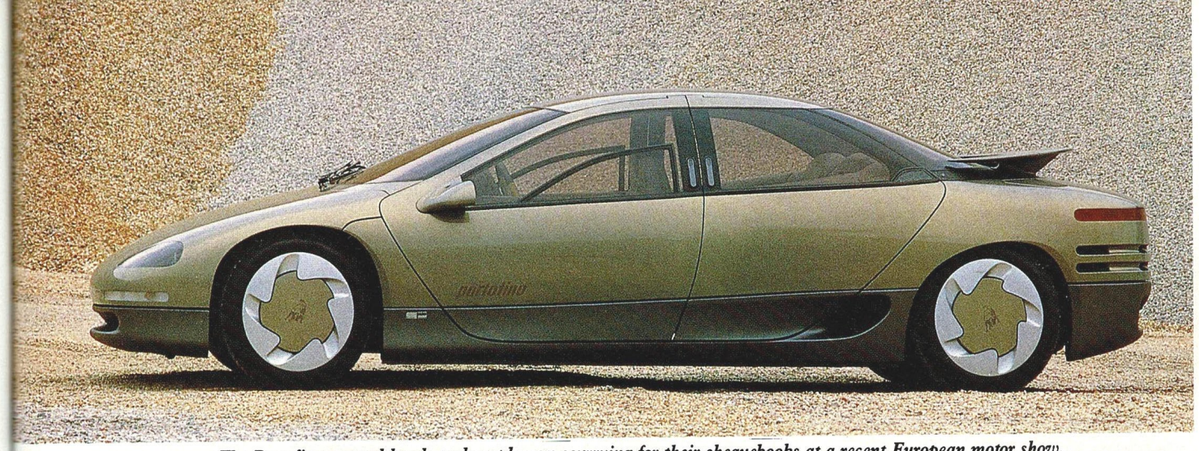
The Esprit Turbo is a sensational car, offering mind-dazzling performance in a completely refined and habitable machine that, unlike most of the exotics, can be used in everyday mode. Marketed here by the irrepressible James Smith from a Melbourne base it is sure to reshape the local sporty market with its keen pricing ($140,000), complete specification and refinement and stunning performance (0-100km in 6 sec, 240km/h).

Kimberley was expansive about the Lotus role in the future. Cash-flushed from the recent sale (for $70m) of the remarkable Lotus proving ground at Millbrook, UK, Kimberley was on the return leg of a world commission-hunting tour that had taken in Europe, the US, Japan, South-East Asia and Australia. He was returning home with a full order book.

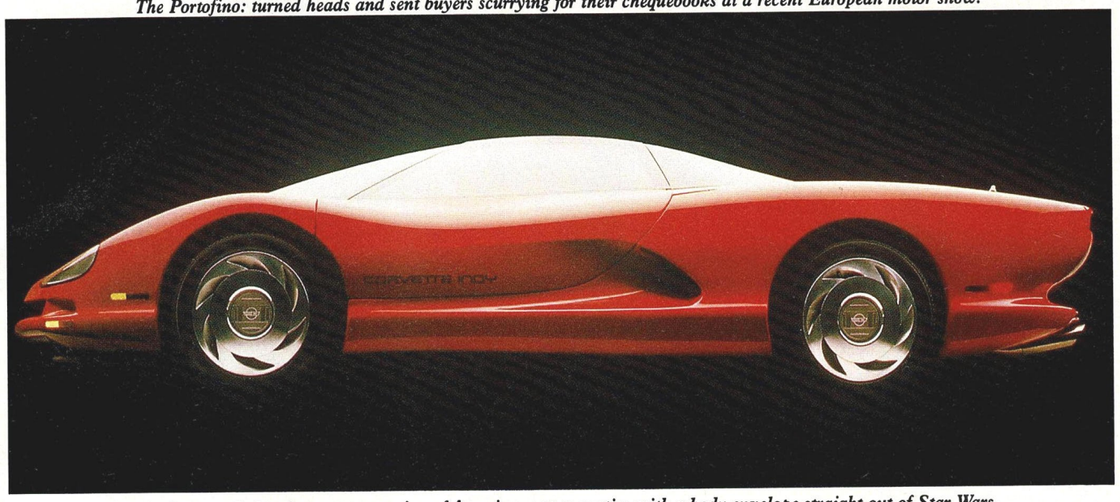
Lotus is currently working on more than 50 separate engineering commissions for a wide range of industries, including cars and trucks, aircraft, aerospace, and defence.

Some of this technology has developed out of the remarkable Lotus suspension system conceived to give Formula One cars an edge. Lotus Group recently withdrew its Active suspension system (the name and the system are licensed) from the F1 team (a separate division), a move that was wrongly interpreted by the uninformed press.

Far from suggesting the system had no future, Lotus was shifting the considerable resources required to run the system in F1 into commercially productive projects. The fact is the company had learned all it could from F1 — now it was time to apply the lessons learned.



The Portofino: turned heads and sent buyers scurrying for their chequebooks at a recent European motor show.



The Corvette Indy: the next generation of American super-exotics with a body envelope straight out of Star Wars.

Expect to see Active suspension on dozens of different vehicles in the near future. Lotus is engineering the scheme for truck manufacturers and has a long queue of car-builders lined up. Apart from GM (first in the queue?) there is Volvo and others.

Kimberley says simply that Active adds 20 percent improvement to "any vehicle on earth". And he means from an 18-wheeler down to an airport baggage trolley. Active makes gains in handling safety, ride control and "lurch" (roll-factor), and tunes suspension to tyres for grip and reduced wear. By the year 2000, there will hardly be a car without it.

And Lotus has developed a unique noise control system, that could eliminate human-harming noise levels from almost any source. Dubbed "Active Noise Control", it uses a computer to measure noise and broadcast a frequency that effectively kills it. The concept of the Rolls-Royce cockpit, where only the ticking of the clock can be heard, may be a reality for all cars.

Ford has a different angle. Basically the company wants to get into the market for "extreme" cars. Peter Slater, Ford's hitman who controls the fortunes of its exoticar acquisitions, says boldly that the only way to enter the premium market is to acquire a premium car manufacturer.

This pragmatic approach cost Ford a well-publicised $28 million to acquire a 75 percent stake in Aston Martin. Consider that by comparison the Australian arm of the Ford Motor Company spent one billion bucks in the past five years to upgrade some facilities and launch a couple of new cars. And there's another $1.5 billion planned for the next five!

But while Ford spent peanuts at Aston, it sure didn't buy monkeys. Aston has a history that goes back to 1913 and includes building some of the world's finest touring cars and winning the world's toughest motor races (including Le Mans and the world sportscar championship). Since 1947, when it was taken over by David Brown, it has incorporated Lagonda. Like the other exotic manufacturers it has had a troubled financial history with a voluntary liquidation in 1975 and three different takeovers since.

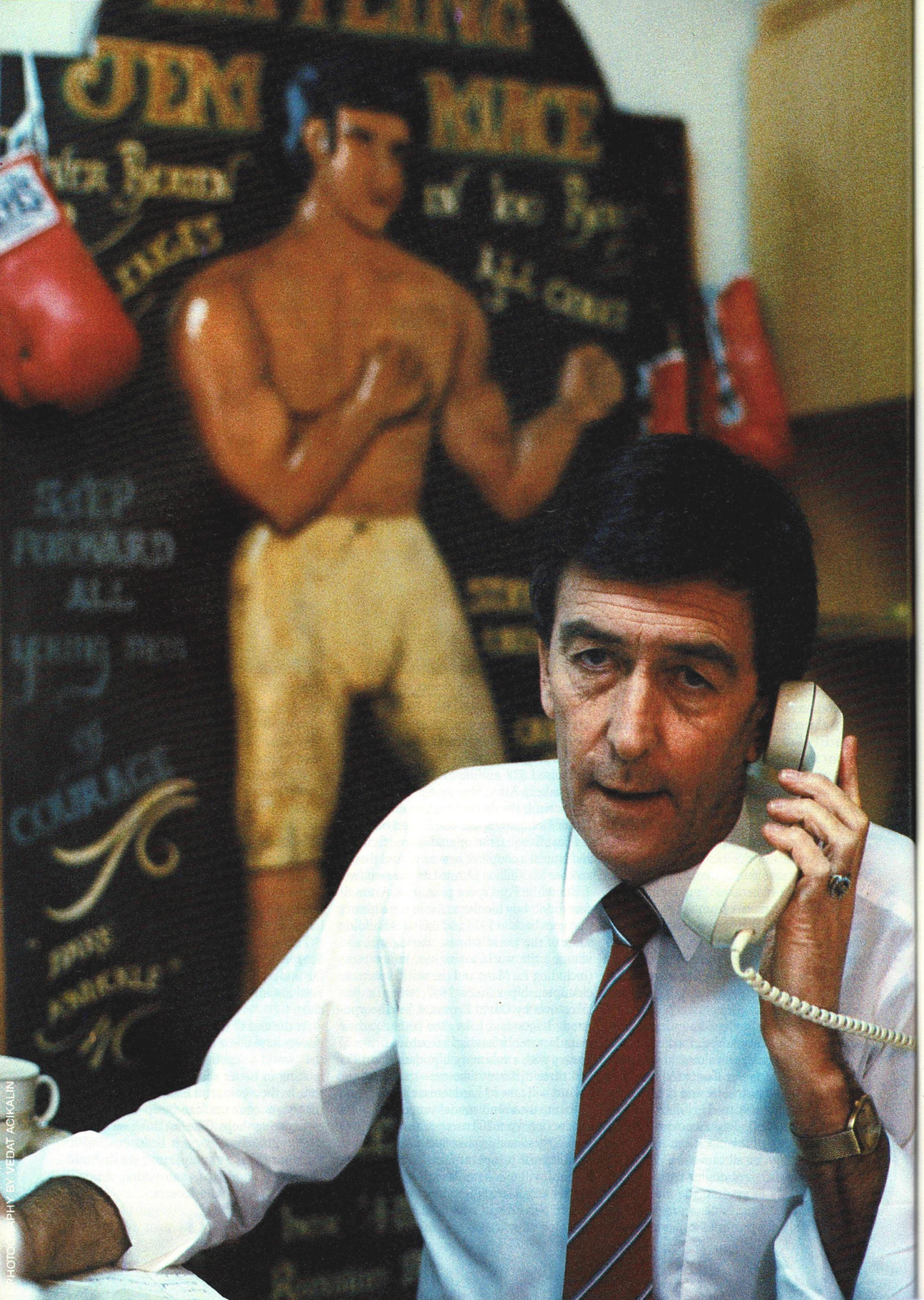
Ford will take its hardcore technology and its basically sound model range and build production from 200 cars per annum (70 for the US) to something like 3000. And just over the hill is the prospect of rub-off technology — Ford will use Aston's expertise to inject quality engineering into keystone models.

Ford also bought a car manufacturer that doesn't even manufacture. AC cars has been in a holding pattern for several years while it regrouped and designed a new-concept sportscar. This was completed in time to show at the '86 Birmingham Expo and the world immediately fell about trying to get its hands on the "Ace".

Well, Ford snapped up AC and the Ace lock-stock and there is no doubt the car will be in production by 1989. Ford and AC cars go back a long way — to the lineage that produced Le Mans winning efforts for Ford in the early '70s. So it takes little imagination to see a smart Ford advert campaign that hangs its hat on Ford's competition heritage.

The four-wheel-drive Ace (it uses Ford Scorpio undergear) will hit UK showrooms for under 40 grand sterling — which gives Ford instant entrée to the affordable-exoticar class.

At the end of the day, after the corporate raiders have come and seen and conquered, the world's exoticar manufacturers are looking in better shape than at almost any time in their colourful histories. Let's hope the bean counters can keep out of the engineering shops. The last thing we need is a nice little budget-pack econobox, with Lamborghini nameplate, slush-box, clothtrim, mudflaps, sun-visors, fashion pack and sports wheelcovers. . .



PHOTOGRAPHY BY VEDAT ACIKALIN

20 QUESTIONS: **BILL MORDEY**

The man who breathed new life into Australian boxing goes 20 rounds on gambling, promoting Bugner's comeback and managing Jeff Fenech.

Gutsy promoter Bill Mordey has staged the seemingly impossible — the resurrection of boxing from the graveyard of Australian sport. Utilising an inbuilt self-sufficiency allied to a legendary gambling bent, "Break Even" Bill has plotted to perfection Jeff Fenech's extraordinary assault on international boxing. Three world championship belts from as many divisions adorn Fenech's muscular torso, making him the 12th man to join an elite group which includes Fenech's idol, Roberto Duran, Sugar Ray Leonard, Henry Armstrong and Thomas Hearns.

It is a remarkable, thus far unbeatable combination of the gambler and the glove. Mordey sets them up — Fenech knocks them down. As Grantlee Kieza, Fenech's chief second, says: "The rise of Fenech and that of Mordey are clearly intertwined. Fenech had the talent and Mordey spotted it at a time when Australia was searching for a hero. It was before Cash, before Norman, before Gardner, and our cricketers were losing badly. Mordey has the silver tongue and he's backed by one of the most exciting, explosive boxers in the world."

Bill Mordey is a tough-punting, hard-drinking ex-sports reporter who lives life's highs to the full and greets the lows with a shrug of his slight shoulders. He took the biggest gamble of his life when he elected to run with Jeff Fenech in a country where boxing generated scant interest. But he won. Sydney journalist ***Philip Moore*** *has recorded perhaps the frankest interview yet with this colourful and often misunderstood promoter. Says Moore: "He's a hustler but he's not a spiv. What he promises he delivers. Had it not been for Mordey's initiative Fenech might not have received the opportunity to do more than fight six-rounders in the clubs."*

1.

PLAYBOY: After being groomed for the priesthood you instead became a journalist, ultra-heavy gambler, fight promoter and, following two failed marriages, you live with a woman. Do you remain a religious man?

MORDEY: I'm not a practising religious person, but I do believe there is a God. I suppose it was built into me as a boy. It was a nun at St Mel's Convent at Campsie who thought that was where my future lay. However, she took me to the Jesuits at Manly and I saw they slept on bare boards in the middle of winter and in the closet they had a cassock, sandals, no socks. I thought: "Sister, this really isn't for me." When I joined a newspaper as a copy boy I went back to see her and I told her I was going to be a journalist. With her tunnel vision she said: "Oh, you'll be working for the *Catholic Weekly*!" Little did she know I was working for Ezra Norton who produced *Truth* at the time. She'd have been horrified.

2.

PLAYBOY: As a youngster you were very close to Joe Taylor, the legendary gambler and streetfighter. How did he influence the Bill Mordey of today?

MORDEY: I was a racing cadet (journalist) on the *Sun* and like all inquisitive kids I went to that place called Thommo's everyone said didn't exist, where I got to meet Joe. He was a tremendous man and he had a huge input on my thinking. Joe's ambition, he once told me, was to have a million pounds, not dollars, on a horse, that was the sort of bloke Joe was, but there was never anybody in any trouble who couldn't go to Joe for help. He had no respect for the value of money but he didn't want to see anybody without it. He was an earthy sort of person with a strong code of ethics and there was no give-up in Joe, just the opposite. Joe was one of the great characters and I admired him immensely. He taught me a hell of a lot through his attitude to life and through his own values.

3.

PLAYBOY: You had a similar affinity with Harry Miller of the Sydney stadium. How much of him rubbed off on you?

MORDEY: I guess when I started as a copy boy on the *Sun*, then a cadet, one of the first people I met was Harry Miller. He was always in the office talking to the boxing writers, then W.F. Corbett and J.S. McCauley. I got to know him, we'd have a drink and I eventually switched to the *Daily Mirror* and became the boxing writer. My uncle had been a boxer, Jimmy Dundee. He fought Vic Patrick twice and held the NSW title, so there was a background in the sport. As with Joe Taylor, I had tremendous regard for Harry Miller in every way. I don't think there has been a better promoter in the world — throw any of them in — than Harry Miller. I guess writing boxing for, say, 15 years and working closely with him, he taught me a lot of tricks I was able to implement when I started with one Jeffrey Fenech.

4.

PLAYBOY: Someone who knows you as well as anyone told me that when you were promoting Joe Bugner's comeback, he hoped the venue for a world title shot would not be Caesar's Palace, because you would head straight for the casino to try to turn your million dollar profit into something!

MORDEY: Well *[laughs]*, 20 years ago, maybe. But, then again, we all go through mad phases. Sure, if I was in a casino I'd have a bet, but it would be in much more moderate terms than in the past. If we could have got Joe to that world title I don't think we would have been walking out winners anyway. Tyson is just too ferocious. But, on the gambling side of it, I find nowadays there's not really enough time. I haven't been to the track for 12 months. I guess lottery tickets, Footy Tab, that's more my style now!

5.

PLAYBOY: You weren't the first to spot Jeff Fenech's talent and even John McColl, a wise head in Australian boxing, promoted his bouts for a while. Why on earth did McColl, or anyone else for that matter, let him go?

MORDEY: McColl tells the story, in Fenech's first professional fight, they'd agreed on $1500. Anyway, somewhere along the line it became $2000. At the end of the fight there was only $2100 in the house anyway. If he'd paid Jeff $2000 he'd have earned exactly $100 himself. I think they had, not a rowdy scene exactly, but a few tense moments at the end of the fight over the settlement of the purse. You can't really answer for an individual. John did probably know Jeff was a good fighter but boxing was in the doldrums in those days. You had to be a devil-may-care sort to take the odds. Even now, I don't think John McColl would want the pressure and tension involved with a Fenech promotion. For instance, for his last fight we had to stand up with $440,000 in the hand. You gamble that, if you get 10,000 people to pay, you break square.

6.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that the first look you had at Fenech was on video?

MORDEY: Yes. Colin Love, who was then Fenech's manager, had driven me mad for three months. Eventually I went to Love's home and he showed me a couple of videos of Fenech. Then I went to Dapto and that was the first time I saw him fight in the flesh. He fought a kid called Wayne Mulholland. Dapto Leagues Club would have been the promoter that night. Having seen him go round I said: "Well, let's give it a try." We were lucky to get (Satoshi) Shingaki first up. Shingaki is probably the worst champion the

world has ever had, whether it be IBF, WBA or WBC, and Jeffrey won the championship in his seventh fight.

7.

PLAYBOY: Now that it's behind you, how solvent were you at the outset of the Fenech promotions?

MORDEY: I did it all off a $5 bill. It's true. We decided to take him to the Hordern Pavilion because they were just wasting their time boxing him in the clubs. The only way you were going to do anything with him was to put him out in a big hall and make a fuss over him. When I decided to go off with him I had a $5 bill. I said to myself: "Well, what am I going to do with this?" I put the $5 on the bar, drank it and went home without a coin. I've learnt since that if I had a front row at the fight that was 12 miles long I'd sell 40,000 tickets. Everyone wants to sit at the front and be seen. So I came up with the idea of the Golden Ringside, along the lines of the old heads who used to be at the Sydney Stadium who wanted to be seen. As a result, people were buying their tickets before the fight. I was virtually using their money to finance what I was doing — bringing in overseas boxers, paying airfares, that sort of thing. We made either $5000 or $7000 on the first fight and that was the deposit on the world championship, which was Jeff's next fight.

8.

PLAYBOY: To get right among the big money you'll surely have to get Fenech on in the US or Tokyo before too long and a Barry McGuigan rumble looks the best moneyspinner.

MORDEY: There's a fallacy about money in America. There are probably half a dozen fighters who work for big money. You've got Tyson, Hagler, Hearns, Spinks, Sugar Ray Leonard and Duran just past. And you've got McGuigan. Then, if you look at the rest of them (and I *know* what I pay them to come here), it is nowhere near what Fenech can generate in this country. Certainly there's a limitation on his financial earnings in Australia, but still, what he's earning would make him *among*, if not *the*, best paid light division fighter in the world. McGuigan is Irish and the American population stems back to Ireland. But the Yanks don't go for small boxers, they like the welterweights, middleweights and the bigger men. However, McGuigan and Fenech, perhaps in London, would produce a million pound gate. Down the track that's what we will look at and without any doubt at all Jeffrey would probably get half a million. I'm not the least bit worried about fighting overseas and we will go overseas and fight when the money is comparable, just to prove the last point to the detractors.

9.

PLAYBOY: How did Fenech come to be trained by Johnny Lewis, in whom he has unswerving faith, and what part did footballer Pat Jarvis play in it?

MORDEY: Jeffrey was running the streets and headed definitely on the wrong track. Pat Jarvis is a member of the constabulary and at that time was a St George rugby league player. He said to Fenech: "Son, you're headed for doomsday." He told him to take all that aggro out at the police boys club, not on the streets. Jarvis took him to Newtown Police Boys Club and that's where John Lewis first met Fenech. Lewis started to train him and it was a love affair from the start. Lewis has honed Fenech's skills and I think the most important thing Johnny has taught him is discipline. For a kid who was going the wrong way, he's certainly got his head together now. He fights for world titles all the time because he gets three times the money for two extra rounds. He's got a smart little head on him. If you stripped him Joe-baked naked here and now and sent him to Central Railway, by the time he got there he'd be fully dressed, have a pocket full of money and those on the way wouldn't know they'd been touched. It's just a street ability.

10.

PLAYBOY: How much has the general attitude changed to your operation since the early days?

MORDEY: When we first started out they were all looking for the trip wire. Now if I tell them something is going to happen, they know it's going to happen. Those within the industry respond accordingly and we get tremendous service from them. A fighter wants to be with us because they know they're going to get a fair deal, they know they're not going to get robbed by judges or referees, they know they travel first class, they know they live in the best hotels.

11.

PLAYBOY: When will Fenech fight Lester Ellis?

MORDEY: You've got to remember that Jeffrey Fenech is a nine-stone *[57kg]* fighter. Lester Ellis really struggles to make nine stone nine *[61kg]*. Nine pounds is a hell of a lot to give for the sake of having a fight for a payday. Lester, at this point in time, doesn't really have anything to offer, he doesn't have a title. If he held the nine stone four *[59kg]* title we'd fight him tomorrow. Fenech wants that fourth championship. The weight difference is the major factor. Boxing is hard enough without giving away starts. Fenech wouldn't be the least bit worried about fighting him. I think he'd fight him in the street. I think Lester would do similar. Lester has worked twice with Jeff — the first time Jeff was pulling weight and wasn't at his strongest and Lester was the best in the gym. The second time Fenech was the best in the gym.

12.

PLAYBOY: You promoted Joe Bugner's latest and hopefully last comeback. Are you at all bitter that he and Marlene went their own way in negotiations for the Bruno fight?

MORDEY: There was never really a falling-out, although I did say "I've had this" to the press. When Marlene and Joe branched out I'd negotiated them £200,000 *[$450,000]* for the Bruno fight. When you consider Joe got $20,000 for his previous fight it was a hell of an improvement. Marlene said it wasn't enough. We argued and I said: "Run your own race." She rang me back two days later and said: "Darling, we're going to England. I've got them up to £250,000." I thought we'd been at the limit but Marlene knew different and Marlene was right. Joe is 38, we got him into the top 10 of the ratings — at number 10 — so, to quote Jack Gibson: "She done good." I didn't believe it could happen, so she showed me a trick. Then she offered to manage me but I said: "Marlene, I don't think I could afford you."

13.

PLAYBOY: You walked into a media minefield when you went with Bugner to London because of money allegedly owed to his ex-wife. Did you pay the ex-wife to keep your reputation as a promoter intact?

MORDEY: That money was paid by Barry Herne who was a co-promoter of the fight. I've never seen media attention like what happened there and I've covered Olympic Games, Davis Cup tennis, world championships — this was just bedlam. For the first week it was: "Between the sheets with Joe and Marlene." Then Melanie, the ex-wife: "He left me battered and bruised." The next series: "He turned his back on dying child." I said at one press conference: "Are we here to fornicate or are we here to fight?" One smart-arsed English journalist said to me: "The fornication might be better than the fighting." They didn't faze me but they got to Joe. A summons was served on him and it was returnable the day before the fight. Joe came to me and said: "Bill, let's just get on the plane and go home." I don't believe we ever got him back mentally, because his performance there was nowhere near what he achieved in Australia. I consider it a great achievement in sport because he was 38, two and a half years out of the ring and he came back and beat three heavyweights rated in the top 15 in the world. You're not playing ping-pong with those guys. *And* he beat them legitimately.

14.

PLAYBOY: Did you put money on Bugner to beat Bruno?

MORDEY: It was one of the few times I've ever bet on a fight I've been involved with. Micky Duff, who was also co-promoting, badgered me in front of a group of prominent English people and said: "Don't you want to back your boy?" I had £10,000 to £4000. I'd also taken 66-1 Joe to win in rounds one, two and three because I knew the gameplan was to go out and hang it on Bruno quick and there could have been an upset. But Joe saved his worst for last. All credit to Joe though because, let's face it, we got no starch. Bruno was allowed to get away with murder by the

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From chilly Denmark comes someone as hot as

HELLE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

HELLE MICHAELSEN STANDS on the balcony of her West Hollywood apartment, eyeing the luxurious swimming pool three floors below. It's an unusually warm day for early spring — even by Southern California standards — with the thermometer hovering round 30°C. Helle would be at the pool except that she has business to attend to. And Helle (pronounced hella) is very serious about business.

"I want very much to be a success," she says in the charming accent of her native Denmark. "I love Denmark, but if you are a success-minded person, you cannot succeed there. That's what made me move to another country."

Actually, Helle did succeed in Denmark. From an early age, she knew she wanted to be an actress, and by the time she was in high school, she was working regularly in Danish films and TV. Helle (who uses the first name Helena for acting) top-lined four films that played Scandinavia and gained some notable publicity. But being a film star in Denmark is like being an auto magnate in Peru — the real game is in Hollywood, and Helle, who is now 20, wants to be a player. "I love being with people who really want to be successful."

Despite her accent and newcomer status, Helle has already found work in Hollywood. She recently completed a small part opposite Tony Curtis in the upcoming Midnight. *In Denmark, she was a leading lady; in America, she is still a bit player.*

"But that's good for you," she philosophises. "You appreciate things more when you have to work for them."

Socially, things are a bit more in keeping with her stellar past. She met fellow transplanted Dane Brigitte Nielsen at several parties, and it was the ex-Mrs Rambo who recommended that Helle try out for Playmate.

"Being a Playmate is important to me," says Helle. "It's a

"Somehow, most of my friends are men. I'm more comfortable with them than with women," says Helle. "I'm the kind of person who needs security around me, and being around men gives me that kind of security."

way of advertising myself.'' She plans to use her Playmate money to hire a voice coach to help her work on her accent, which sometimes stands in the way of bigger, better parts.

As it turns out, Gitte isn't the only potentially helpful friend Helle has met socially. At another party, she was introduced to Gitte's ex, who, despite gossip linking him to superdeb Cornelia Guest, asked Helle to join him for an evening of champagne and dinner.

''Sylvester Stallone is a very attractive man whether he has money or not,'' says Helle. ''For me, being around people like producers and actors is a learning experience. I look up to them, because I want to be the same as they are.''

Not surprisingly, Helle sees both Gitte and Sly as her kindred spirits. All three are dedicated to their careers, and all three are self-made. But Helle may feel a bit closer to her fellow countrywoman.

''Brigitte is very sweet and very intelligent,'' she says. She laughs when Gitte's controversial reputation is discussed.

''Scandinavian women have to live up to their reputations, right? I mean, we are free girls. We're out on the market,'' jokes Helle, adding with a mischievous wink, ''and we usually like anything Italian.''

''My mother always tells me, 'You have never been in love. You don't know what love is.' And I guess she's right,'' admits Helle. ''You know how girls are. We meet nice men and we go out on dates, and after a while, we look for something else.''

MORDEY

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There's no way Fenech would throw a fight. He'd rather die than be disgraced.

referee. It made no difference to the result because on the night Joe couldn't have beaten him.

15.

PLAYBOY: What about the idea of fighting Tyson?

MORDEY: Well, as a result, we found out the answer to that question. It was a safer way of finding it out than actually fighting him. Even Joe himself said: "Thank Christ I didn't win that fight. If I did I'd have been a Tyson number." At that time there were some doubts about Tyson but he's dispelled those potently now. When Joe said he could beat Tyson he believed it. But if you ask him now he'd say it must have been a moment of white wine or a moment of madness.

16.

PLAYBOY: After Bugner beat James "Quick" Tillis you told me if you could get Joe a shot at Tyson in the US you'd send him into the ring wearing a Crocodile Dundee hat and chewing eucalyptus leaves.

MORDEY: Well, we took Joe to England in the hat. He wasn't too keen on chewing the eucalyptus leaves though. I was saying if he won we could sell them as something like the fountain of youth. Joe was coming back and we were going to have to try and sell him. You don't need a gimmick with Fenech. Fenech is the best in the world at his business.

17.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your nickname, "Break Even".

MORDEY: I say I break even if I lose $50,000. I smile — and it hurts. I wouldn't ask you how much you're getting for this article. It's your business, but if you're a high-profiled person the question is entitled to be put. You might be hurting like hell, you might have to go and borrow but when some press guy asks how we went I say, "Break even" — and I smile. On the good nights you say the same.

18.

PLAYBOY: Will we see a spate of pocket-Durans like Fenech in Australia as some suggest?

MORDEY: I'd like to think so, and all the gyms report they've got more kids now than they've had previously. However, the statisticians will tell you there are less promotions now than previously. I've found that Fenech only paid his way at the gate on three occasions - against Jerome Coffee, Steve McCrory and Victor Calleja. Every other one of his fights has been a losing proposition. Had it not been for sponsorship and television we would have been out of business three years ago. So, when a drawcard like Fenech can't always make money it's difficult for those coming behind.

19.

PLAYBOY: Your friendship with Fenech runs a lot deeper than the average boxer-promoter situation. Does it play on your mind that one day you may be responsible for putting one of your closest friends on the wrong end of a belting?

MORDEY: When I first started I said I didn't want to get too close to the kid because, as a promoter, I was going to have to put him in somewhere I thought he'd be in danger. But Jeff's an infectious character and the closeness came. However, I was still frightened of the time I'd have to put him into a situation where I'd worry. Now I worry about the other people. I wouldn't care who he fought — he's going to win. He gives his opponents no peace, none at all. People say you can't compare current athletes with past athletes. But let's take Lionel Rose and Johnny Famechon and Jeff Fenech. Lionel was possibly more skilful, but he wouldn't get 10 seconds to take a breather against this kid. He'd just get on him. Famechon, brilliant boxer. But Jeff is going to be one foot away from him, all night long.

20.

PLAYBOY: How would you react if Fenech were in the ring, a bout set to start and someone offered you a fortune for your fighter to lose, adding that Jeff's life would be in peril if he won?

MORDEY: Jeff Fenech would say, "Right, I guess we're going to have to fight inside the ring and when we get out we're going to have a bigger fight." There's *no* way he would throw a fight. His life in danger wouldn't make any difference. He'd rather die than be disgraced. I'm not saying my thoughts would be the same. I'd just say: "I'll see you all later. I can't play in this league." You could not offer him enough money to throw a fight and you couldn't offer him a serious enough threat.

"Last time, you accidentally sent my luggage to Hong Kong. This time, if at all possible, I'd prefer to have it accidentally sent to Paris."

GODLESS

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Grey: "When I met my father in jail he said, 'Son, you have been deceived.' It was like a knife in my heart."

Halfway through the meeting, the stringer for the *Sydney Morning Herald* burst into the interview. After four months in a Mozambican jail Ian's first introduction to the Australian media was a brawl among competitive journalists seeking an exclusive interview. The journalists harangued one another as Grey blinked like a possum startled in a spotlight. The secret police stared in disbelief. When the dust settled the interview led to its inevitable conclusion, but not before Grey had fingered a few former colleagues.

Grey told us he had been operating out of Malawi, entering Mozambique illegally and ferrying supplies into MNR bases. In exchange for his services he was allowed to pass out bibles and "spread the word". The MNR had replaced political theory with religion — a religion that says all communists are in fact a form of Satan. "Do to them what you would do to the devil." Grey got converts and the MNR got motivation.

One of his jobs was to take into the field the Italian cameraman Amerigo Grilz who was making a film on the MNR attack on the town of Cia about March last year. At the same time I was shooting film in a town about 30km away. Amerigo was killed on the exercise and I was able to purchase his footage for our film through his agency. That is the perversity of the game, it could easily have gone the other way. Ian took Amerigo's body out.

Grey said he was also involved in transmitting information such as troop movements, descriptions of actions, planes shot down and casualty rates to the MNR spokesman in Washington, Mr Tom Schaff. Tom Schaff is also a fundamentalist Christian and his office is in the Heritage Foundation building in Washington. The Heritage Foundation is euphemistically described as a right-wing think-tank. Along with such organisations as Free The Eagle, the foundation provides information for groups in Washington who might be interested in funding the struggle against international communism. Say Christ but think Contras.

Ian went on to describe how funds from fundamentalist Christian fellowships both in Washington and South Africa went to help the MNR in its fight against the Mozambican government. He had never received any money for his services, in fact he had spent all his compensation money working for Howard.

One of Grey's more bizarre and damaging allegations implicated Jimmy Swaggart's secretary in Harare, Ros Heinz. Ms Heinz is Mike Howard's sister and, according to Ian, used her job with Swaggart to gather military information for the MNR. One of her unwitting sources was a fellow American serving in the Zimbabwean Army, Colonel Hickman, the military commander in charge of protecting the convoys that ply up and down the much-ambushed Beira corridor. The colonel's headquarters is in Tete, the town where Grey was taken prisoner.

Because it is the road and rail link from Zimbabwe to the port of Beira the corridor is a primary target. In the war ratings it gets a 10 out of 10 on a scale of difficulty. Twelve thousand Zimbabwean troops guard the corridor to help the embattled Mozambican army, but the night belongs to the MNR. In Mozambique in the past three months 400 people have died in convoy ambushes alone. The casualty rate runs at ten times that figure.

The betrayal of the mysterious American colonel by Heinz is a major victory for the MNR, if it happened. It occurred to me that Ian could have been planted with the information in order to ruin the career of a man who had the reputation for really giving the guerillas a hiding over several years — a classic double play.

Ian went on to name the Zion Bible College in Rhode Island as being the place where more religious zealots were being trained to work with the MNR. Grey stared down the lens of the camera and handed out a classic piece of advice to one would-be Christian soldier in training: "Bobby, if you see this, please believe you are being deceived. Before you go into a country, find out as much as you can about the politics and circumstances of what is happening there. Don't just get your information from one side. With knowledge you can arm yourself against those who would like to poison your mind and use you. I didn't do this and you can see where I am now."

After the conference with us the Mozambicans trotted Ian out for the world's press. He met publicly with his father for the first time and the two men embraced as the media circus blazed away. Ian Grey fielded questions candidly and calmly. He laughed at suggestions that he had been tortured. He told the assembled press why he had changed his mind about the MNR and martyrdom. "The first time I met my father in jail he said to me: 'Son, you have been deceived.' It was like a knife in my heart."

Allan sat in the front row, never taking his eyes from the boy he had nearly lost. Geoffrey Robertson stood at the back of the room. Half-way through the conference he waved to Ian and left. He had a plane to catch to South Africa where he was trying to postpone the hanging of a group of blacks known as the Sharpeville six.

The trial was over but the weirdness continued. At his second press conference Ian Grey implicated the Malawian government for giving help to the MNR in direct contravention of an agreement between Mozambique and its northern neighbour.

That probably explains why Malawian intelligence officers were following us around in the days before and after the trial. At one stage we had gone to eat in a dilapidated old restaurant by the seaside. The breeze from the sea played with the ragged hem of the tablecloth while we waited for our orders to be taken. Laurie Alexander leaned across the table and whispered to me, "Look who's just arrived." I recognised the tall black man by his pale suit. He had been lurking around our rooms for several days and we had noticed him tailing us on two other occasions. He was definitely not Mozambican. We waved to him and he rushed by us to find a table at the other end of the veranda. Seconds after him a lean young man wearing wraparound sunglasses in spite of the near moonless night walked in and sat where he could observe the man in the suit. I recognised him as a SNAPS agent. Then two East Germans came in and sat where they could watch all of us. The East Germans do a lot of the security for the Soviet bloc in Mozambique. Spook city. It was a bit like a cross between the minstrels and the Keystone cops.

The Malawians weren't the only ones who were pissed off. The night after the first press conference with Ian, a very tall black man woke Jeff McMullen up at four in the morning and asked if he could come into his room and talk about what Grey had said. Jeff very wisely closed the door in his face. *60 Minutes* producer Tim Kupsch and I received calls from Johannesburg in the middle of the night, telling me to call a certain number and Tim to stand by for a telex that never came. The calls were a way of saying: "We not only know who you are, we know where you are." We had obviously messed up somebody's well-made plans. Perhaps it was somebody who wanted a martyr.

On the night before we all left Mozambique, the Australians held a party for all of those who had been involved in helping in the defence of Ian Grey. The guest of honour was a tall, quietly spoken man, a doctor of law working with the Ministry of Justice in Mozambique. He had given a great deal of time briefing Geoffrey Robertson on Mozambican law and had basically kept everyone informed and entertained. His name is Albie Sachs.

I left Mozambique to follow up a story on rhino poaching in Zimbabwe. While I was sunning myself in the Zambezi Valley somebody loaded Albie's car with plastic explosive and blew it up in his face. Albie lived because the explosives were packed on the right-hand side of his car, one of the few left-hand drives in Mozambique. The story obviously isn't over yet.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KARL SCHWERDTFEGER

Beer

Ex-marijuana law reformer J.J. McROACH gets off the pot, hops into winos, and extols the virtue of beer.

IT'S NOT THAT I was born hating wine. It's just that I was born with a stomach which couldn't stomach wine. Hatred only came into the picture in the early '70s when wine became trendy and wine snobs became prevalent. That's when I decided I loathed winos with a vengeance. But of course now, in the munificence of my mellow, mature years, the loathing has turned to a sort of mildly contemptuous pity because I realise that we confirmed beer drinkers have gained the upper hand.

We've won the booze bottle, er, battle, but it wasn't easy.

Wine and I never really sat comfortably. I was raised in an isolated country town in the 1950s, when wine had a certain sinister overtone. Some women occasionally drank *Penfolds Sherry* and muck like that. And of course derros drank drops like the aptly named and inexpensive *Invalid Port*. But the town was set on its ear when *Foschia's Wine Salon* opened its not-so-salubrious doors.

Foschia's was a dark, mysterious grotto in the main street of rural Australiana, and from its doors oozed the sound of foreign tongues mingled menacingly with the aroma of alien alcohol — wine. It was well known that this wine rubbish was the tipple of the hun, the dago and the wog; all part of the unwanted newness imported into Australia following the big war and its wake of refugees.

So wine was left for the wogs, the women and the wankers, and Aussie blokes religiously stuck with beer. Ironically, during the great wine boom of the '70s this country town became one of the new centres of wine growing, which is a sobering thought.

Wine and I first had a meaningful relationship in 1965. This is when the big kids, the kids who'd left town to go to art school in the city, came back to visit and brought with them the evil muck of the metropolis: protest singing, hashish and red wine. I accommodated the folk songs and the brain-bending smoke, but the wine was something else. It simply made me sick and I stuck with beer, developing an enthusiasm for the now defunct *Abbots Lager*.

Here I think we have pinpointed a turning point in my life. Here I was, a young kid, about to set off on the Bob Dylan road of life, like a rolling stone with no direction known, and before I even took the first step on that long journey I was doomed to what I then presumed would be a perpetual state of unhipness. I could never be really *cool*, I could never be *trendy*, because I could never drink *wine*. Let me tell you, I was bitter. So bitter that I turned to the solace of *Melbourne Bitter*.

And things got worse. When the grip of the grape really took hold in the mid '70s, beer-drinking was decidedly uncouth, especially in fancy city restaurants. They still do it, those restaurateurs. They place only wine glasses at the table, and then they bring the accursed wine list. Which means as a beer drinker, you can't be passive. You can't just sneak the top off a bottle and down it. You have to make a statement about it. You have to own up to drinking beer, which often results in the waiter's raised eyebrow and that all-too-familiar refrain: "Oh, sir is not drinking wine?" No fuck-face, sir sucks piss!

If the restaurant was licensed, you were then stuck with more silly banter. Handing the wine list back, you asked what beers the establishment was purveying, but you already knew the answer. You had the choice of *Crown Lager*, *Crown Lager*, or *Crown Lager*.

When the age of enlightenment began

dawning, some restaurants would surprise and offer a very over-priced **Heineken**, which is great for some folk, but in my humble estimation the "Heinie" is very much an acquired taste. Still, it was a respite from Crown Lager, which, I might add, I don't mind. It was just that it was all you could ever get in a restaurant.

Indeed, the humble Heinie was the start of something new. It emerged at the time the choice of local beers was diminishing. **Courage** went down the tubes, Abbots was struck off the list, but for those interested in variety, foreign beers began emerging. **Carlsberg** and **Lowenbrau** crept in. The Kiwi **Steinlager** made an appearance.

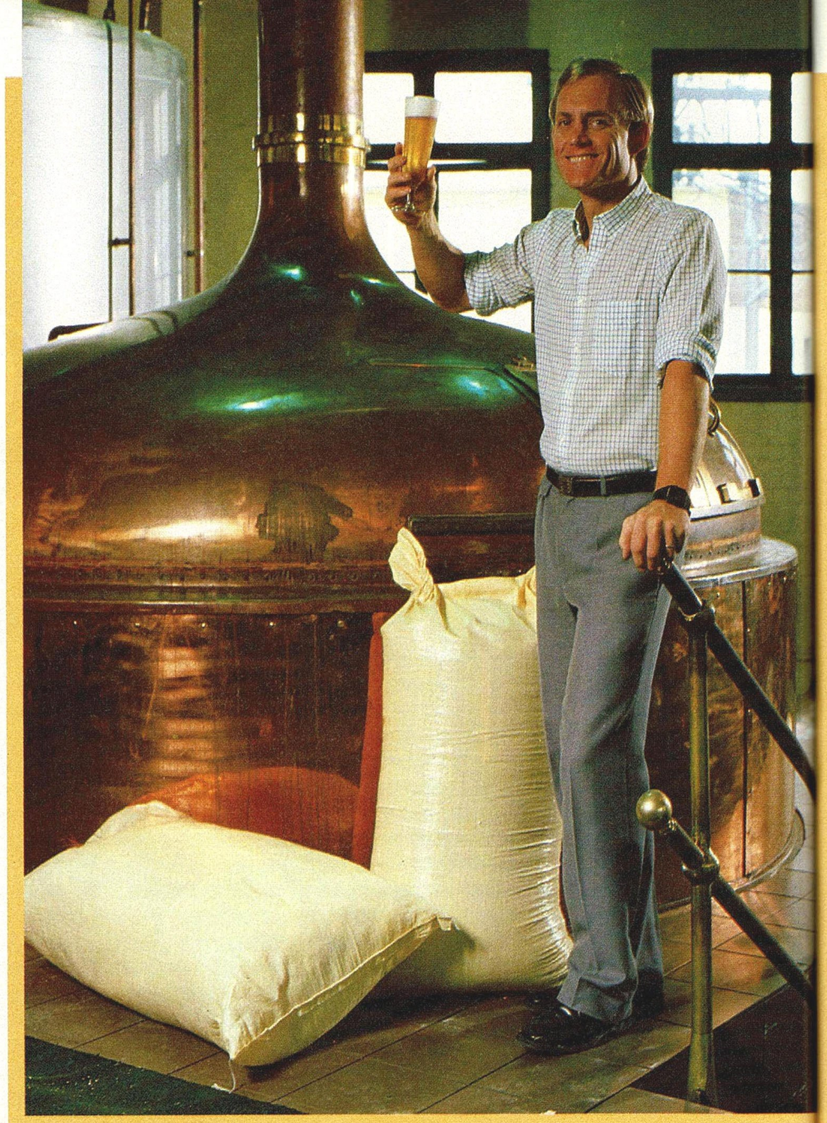
And interstate beers were crossing borders. In Victoria, where drinkers were smart, they had absolutely no truck with the filth from New South Wales which was passed off as beer. But **Four X** developed a sort of cachet, Tassie beers such as **Cascade** or **Boags** were occasionally imbibed, and from the west emerged **Swan**. Hippies, after a long "anti-juice freak" bout, decided wine was hip and beer was okay provided it was **Coopers Sparkling Ale**. This was endorsed as cool because it contained sediment and hence was vaguely organic. Adelaide hippies kept circulating a paranoid conspiracy theory that the big Eastern breweries were in some foul way about to contaminate Coopers Sparkling, but this didn't concern me because I favoured **Coopers Finest Export Lager** or **Southwark Premium**.

A funny story about hippies and beer: in 1977, as head of Australia's Marijuana Party, I was invited to attend a conference in Auckland to help form a New Zealand Marijuana Party. After a couple of days of non-stop workshopping I was desperate for a beer and quite keen on sampling New Zealand's various drops. But every time I mentioned the possibility of a pub sojourn, the Kiwi hippies wisely laughed. Good ol' J.J. He's making a joke. Everybody knows how uncool it is for confirmed marijuana smokers to drink alcohol.

Finally I cracked and said: "Listen you bastards, I'm not joking. I drink beer, lots of it, and I need one now. I am going to the pub and I don't care if you come or not." This statement was met with a long silence, then some giggling and the poor guys confessed. They were secret beer drinkers, and in fact they brewed their own.

"Brewing yer own" was of course a fad which lingered in Australia for a short while. There are still home brewers out there, but not many.

Home brewers were, I suppose, caught in the beer revolution. Overnight, beer-drinking habits in Australia changed. For a start, a massive range of imported beers flooded the country. Boring US standards such as **Budweiser**, Japanese classics like **Kirin** and **Suntory**, and classy little numbers like **Fischers** beer from Alsace were suddenly stocked in the better pubs. And some pubs, for heaven's sake, hosted beer-tasting nights, just like those wino wankers.



Chuck Hahn: "The first brewers were pre-biblical women of Babylon!"

Things were definitely on the up and up. Then came the so-called beer boutiques, a trend which began in Western Australia and quickly spread to the east. I had mixed feelings about the beer boutiques. Drinking souped-up soup such as the dreaded **Dogbolter** was fun in its own way, but I wondered about the atmosphere of beer boutiques. I was living in Melbourne's North Fitzroy when the first Victorian beer boutique arrived. One of the advantages of Melbourne's inner suburbs is that they are dotted with dozens of small, atmospheric locals. One such pub, the Aberdeen, was about a half-a-stubby walk from my house — dark, dingy, but funky. Overnight the Aberdeen was tarted up and transformed into the Loaded Dog. The Aberdeen down-market drinkers from the nearby housing commission were given the heave-ho, so that upmarket types would feel at home. Within months the Loaded Dog became home to boring outer-suburbanites, wallies from offices who tanked up with apres-work drinks, and decided to finish up at the Loaded Dog to big-note and hopefully pick up office sheilas. The pub became over-crowded (indeed on weekends people actually queued to get in), lost its atmosphere, and lost me.

Now I live in Sydney, and although there are beer boutiques in this city, I mostly avoid them and gravitate to the seamy inner suburban pubs where I'm happy sucking on a middy of **Foster**'s. The beer boutiques are getting a little too complicated for me and, as the *Bulletin* recently announced, are becoming a haven for beer snobs who can be almost as boorish as the wine snob. This is the mob who reckon they're good because they can order a **Pilsen Urquell** or a **Timmerman's Kriek** without stumbling over the pronunciation.

What interests me more is the rise of independent brewers. The bigger boutique chains, such as **Brewtech** and **Matilda Bay Brewing** brew their own, and many of their beers are fine. Not only that, they've got top Aussie names. Who could resist Matilda Bay's **Redback Beer**, **Eagle Hawk Hill Brewery's Joh Bjelke Bitter**, or **Traditional Brewing's Cobungra Bitter** or **Yellow Mongrel**. There are now enough independent brewers for the brewers themselves to start bitching about each other. Brewers not linked to boutiques claim the boutiques should really be called "teabag boutiques" because they buy their ingredients from the big boys and merely mix them.

Aficionados will tell you the only real brewers are the little boys like Sydney's **Balmain Brewery**, and Picton's **Scharer's Little Brewery**. Both these breweries produce a top drop. Balmain Brewery's **Balmain Bock** is a heady number which comes in a small unadorned bottle with a very simple label. Dammit, it looks almost like a bottle of good wine, and the brewer, **Ian Pike**, is planning another version which he hopes will be "the **Dom Perignon** of beers". His Balmain Bock is very tasty, it's strong (6.8%), but it's a little pricey at about $4 a 375 ml bottle. As they say, if you want the best, you have to pay. Scharer's Little Brewery produces only one beer at this stage, **Sharer's Lager**, but this is a ripper. It's only available in a big bottle (750ml), is average strength (5%), and costs between $4.50-$6 in selected Sydney outlets. The brewer, **Ron Scharer**, is quite justifiably proud of his little drop. He says it's unfiltered but very clean, has no "nasties," and is made from organically grown German hops. He doesn't add a drop of sugar and swears that his beer will not result in a headachy hangover.

Perhaps one of the best side-effects of the new beer boom is that women are now also enjoying a gargle with the lager, and I've always considered that beer and women go well together. Which brings me to another of the new brewers, Dr **Charles (Chuck) Hahn**. Hahn, who helped fine-tune both **Coors Light Beer** in the US and New Zealand's Steinlager and turn them into world leaders has established the **Hahn Brewing Company** in Sydney, which produces the very classy **Hahn Premium Lager** (strength 4.5%, price $1.85 a small bottle). Chuck claims the first brewers were pre-biblical women of Babylon. "Priestesses were the makers of the brew because beer had religious significance in the older Mesopotamian cultures," he says. "But in 2100 BC, **King Hammurabi** gave the brewing jobs to men and made the women run the taverns. So he was not only the original male chauvinist, but the guy who invented barmaids. Now, women and beer need to be reunited."

Hear, hear. So, as a beer drinker I'm now fulfilled. As for winos, they no longer bother me. To the new beer brewers, all I can say is, hic, thanks. What you're doing is no small beer.

Table Beer

NOT SO VERY long ago it was considered somewhat crass to turn up at a BYO restaurant clutching bottles of beer and you risked a derisive sneer from the waiter as he snatched away your brown paper bags. But now it's suddenly very chic to arrive with a six-pack of your favourite "brown sparkling wine" to accompany your meal.

Australians have always known that a cold beer is great for quenching your thirst but a new appreciation of the amber nectar has dawned in the 1980s. Just as different varieties of wine are best consumed with certain foods or at a particular time of the day, so beer offers similar scope for enjoyment. There are beer styles which correspond to champagnes or chardonnays, cabernet sauvignons or ports, and they are best drunk accordingly. Here is my selection of 10 Australian specialty beers and how best to enjoy them.

Matilda Bay's *Redback* makes an excellent aperitif served well chilled in a tall glass with a slice of lemon and a nice, full head. Redback is a malted wheat beer, a style which is regarded as the "champagne of beers" in Belgium and Germany. A light-tasting, refreshing beer which appeals especially to women in taste and presentation. Serve with unsalted nuts and pretzels.

Pilseners are the chablis of the beer world and originate from Pilsen, Czechoslovakia. *Matilda Bay Pilsener* has a flowery, Saaz hops aroma and a delicate dry finish; drink with hors d'oeuvre.

***Cascade Premium Lager* is not strictly a specialist beer but is one of the best examples of a premium mainstream Australian lager. Lagers equate to dry to medium white wines and other recommended "commercial" premium lagers include *Carlton's Crown Lager*, *Swan Premium*, *Cooper's Finest Export* and the distinctly hoppy *Southwark Premium*.**

***Hahn's Premium Lager* was launched in Sydney earlier this year and is a well-balanced lager with lots of flavour. Lagers complement prawn and lobster salads but also go well with fiery Indian curries. Wine is pretty well wasted on taste-buds that have been severely assaulted by chillies and spices but an icy-cold lager will dampen the fire and refresh the palate. Draught beer is even better with curries because it is less carbonated and won't bloat you as much.**

***Brass Monkey Stout* is touted as the Grange Hermitage of ales by the Matilda Brewing Company. Good with beef and game, though I prefer it with fresh rock oysters — stout and oysters have both long been hailed as aphrodisiacs, so enjoying them together should be a powerful combination! By the way, stouts should be served only lightly chilled so as not to mute those rich, creamy, roasted barley flavours.**

***Scharer's Lager* is definitely the wild card of this selection and I'm still making up my mind over this characterful little drop. The imported hops tend to overwhelm the other flavours and they still seem to be adjusting the hop content. A good foil for tangy Asian dishes like spring rolls and fish cakes with chilli sauce.**

***Coopers Sparkling Ale* is the grandfather of the Australian specialty beer scene. This cloudy ale with its wonderful fruitiness was widely regarded with suspicion for years, even in South Australia; now it's acclaimed as a world classic representing a style of bottle-conditioned ale which originated in the North of England but has subsequently died out there. This is a "big red" and should be served with casseroles, roasts and other hearty main courses.**

***Ballarat Gold* is a 100 per cent malt lager with a distinctive smoky flavour. It's brewed for Sovereign Breweries in Ballarat by Kong Teck Pwee, a former master brewer for Heineken in Singapore. Try it with satays.**

***Balmain Bock* is the only beer produced by Ian Pike's Balmain Brewery and takes a painstaking 22 weeks to ferment in cold cellars before it is bottled. This is a strong, dark beer, low on carbonation but huge on taste. A cab-sav of beers which is great to wash down salami, smoked German sausage or a nice, ripe piece of blue cheese.**

When your meal is finished, a stout will aid digestion and inspire post-prandial conversation in similar vein to a good port. *Coopers Extra Stout* has a rich, dry complexity which you can enjoy with your after-dinner mint or slice of rich chocolate cake. Pour another small glassful following coffee and light up a cigar. Cheers and bon appétit!

— WILLIE SIMPSON

(Willie Simpson is editor of The Greatest Australian Beer Guide.)

GORBACHEV

(continued from page 59)

Once the sessions began, one side reverted to its Cold War role — and I don't mean the Russians.

Did it begin, then, with a revulsion against corruption? It is an odd thought, considering that the elite pushing for reform could easily have gone the other way and simply have indulged the perks of their privileged rank. Arbatov and his men work in the high-ceilinged, chandeliered rooms of a mansion once occupied by a confidant of the czar, but they are now frantic and overworked. Why, in the cubbyholes of this sagging, dimly lit building, are Arbatov and the (relatively) young army of reformers with whom he has surrounded himself willing to risk another turn of the wheel?

Arbatov was born soon after the Revolution, is part Jewish, was wounded at Stalingrad and has been close to the past four heads of government. He can be both charming and tough, and he knows the West; for decades, he has travelled there several times a year, meeting its leaders. Indeed, he appears to know the West and its leaders better than most of the Western reporters who seek to interview him. Some don't like Arbatov. I do.They claim that he is an elusive propagandist. I find him as honest as you can expect from a top man in any organisation.

Late one day, I sat in the old merchant's tearoom with Arbatov and three of his top aides, trying to make a brand-new Japanese VCR work. After some false starts, the machine began and we watched a video cassette of the once-banned movie *Repentance* — now being shown to millions of Soviet moviegoers — which in a chilling fashion excoriates the crimes of Stalin and Beria, his secret-police chief. When the movie ended, Arbatov asked me for my reaction. I replied that after watching the movie, I could not understand why he or the others in the room remained in the Communist Party. There was an awkward pause, and he answered, "That is the challenge."

In the West, the idea of actually *being* a communist is rarely taken seriously. When it is, it generally means something dark, totalitarian. It means coercion at best, repression at worst. And after 40 years of Cold War, the notion that communism may occasionally touch an idealistic impulse at some point in the lives of its followers is as difficult for a Westerner to accept as convincing Palestinians of Zionist idealism. Yet despite everything, it's there. Otherwise, Gorbachev — and Andropov before him — make no sense.

The men around Gorbachev called themselves the Khrushchev generation. They were the group of future leaders most affected by Khrushchev's bold indictment of at least some of Stalin's darkest deeds. Despite Khrushchev's rashness and his fall from grace, it was during his regime that the younger men first saw the possibilities of change. "Our generation was waiting in the wings to make these changes," Gennadi Gerasimov, Gorbachev's press spokesman, told me this spring. "The only question is why we didn't move sooner."

It is ironic that the battle to limit arbitrary power was next advanced by Andropov, one of Beria's successors in the secret police. But in the land of the czars, one takes what one gets. Andropov's enduring legacy is that, from his deathbed, tied to a kidney-dialysis machine, he somehow managed to nudge into place a new elite, which, though stalled by Konstantin Chernenko, his immediate successor, has now come to the fore. The new elite is remaking Soviet society in a way not predicted by a single Kremlinologist, most of whom had developed emotional and professional stakes in the idea of a Soviet Union governed in perpetuity by corrupt, brutal gangs of ageing and unyielding Bolsheviks.

The members of this new elite aren't particularly mysterious, as I discovered in months of interviews. They are inveterate travellers, for one thing, especially to America, and one cannot help thinking that their goals are more the working out of their own domestic problems than the pursuit of some monolithic foreign-policy objective. In January 1988, for example, I was in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, at a small retreat hosted by the Eisenhower World Affairs Institute and the United States Information Agency. About 50 Russians and Americans representing their respective cultural establishments hunkered down in that sleepy but historic town, drinking beer at the old inns and visiting the Civil War graves, which reminded one of the imperfections of our own national experience. While socialising, everyone was chatty and off guard. But once the sessions began, one side reverted to its expected Cold War role — and I don't mean the Russians.

Our side, which included Lisa Jameson, head of the Soviet desk at the National Security Council, the co-ordinator of the USIA Soviet-exchange program and a hawkish congressional aide, reminded me of the Soviet delegates I used to run into — generally stodgy and always careful not to betray their "cause". Although a couple of American delegates from the art world enlivened things, in general, they perceived the meeting as yet another battle of Cold War politics.

The Soviets, by contrast, were freewheeling and often divided. At one moment, the director of the Taganka Theatre took on a high official from the Ministry of Culture. The subject was whether a theatre director needed to get approval to accept an offer to stage a play abroad. Both men were young and loose. "You never answer my phone calls," said the director. "Why should I have to go through your ministry when I can make my own arrangements around the world?"

A leading Soviet cosmonaut on the panel, who had seemed bored at the proceedings, suddenly sprang to life. "The theatre company is government-financed!" he said. "It's not your personal property; how can you just go running off everywhere you want?"

The director shot back that cosmonauts are highly paid and know nothing of the economic hardships of the acting class: "My actors have to work as waiters! The theatre is dark for two months every summer and I have to feed them; you maybe don't know about such problems."

Then two top men in the Russian book-publishing world crossed swords over *their* positions on the director's rights; a celebrated Russian hockey goalie muttered that it was a fight about nothing and that all present should go out to eat. A columnist for *Izvestia* ended the match by holding up his hands and saying sardonically, "Well, this is *perestroika*."

Even more surprising, when I announced that I wanted to write about the exchange, the Russians, to a man and woman, said, in effect, "Go for it." It was the Americans who, in general, wanted to keep it off the record, arguing that this was a private retreat. But since what I was reporting concerned the Russians, and they were the ones who had to worry about how it would play in Moscow, I went with their vote for *glasnost* — openness, remember.

During earlier visits to the Soviet Union in 1963, I had witnessed the optimism of the Khrushchev era — when Stalin's crimes were first discussed openly — deteriorate into what was essentially a sterile society in 1970. The first inkling of what the future might hold was given to me in Amsterdam in 1983 by Arbatov. He was open to argument, spoke on the record and was capable of controversial comments. But the best thing he did for me at that meeting was to point out a stout fellow down the hall whom he suggested I interview on scientific and nuclear-weapons issues.

So I approached Yevgeny Velikhov. Remember that it was not so long ago that no top Russian would consent to an interview without an eyewitness or a KGB guide present, and the answers all came out as party-line static. But here was a top Soviet physicist and member of the Central Committee willing to disappear with me into a hotel room to face several tape recorders and some barbed questions. Velikhov would later confess that one of his remarks to me ("Yes, we do have our crazies who might also want to build a Star Wars system") caused him some moments of discomfort. Andropov had died before the interview ran in the *Los Angeles Times*, and in the new uncertain days of Chernenko, it was thought by some that Velikhov had misspoken.

But Velikhov is a brave man, as he would later demonstrate when he risked at least some years of his life flying in a helicopter over Chernobyl, desperately seeking a way of containing the smouldering disaster below him. And, as is well known to a large number of American scientists who have dealt with him on many sensitive intelligence matters (including getting the supersecret Krasnoyarsk radar installation open to Western inspection), he is driven by an urge for honesty.

The revolt of the scientists, led by the hard scientists, is basic to the coming of the Gorbachev revolution, and they had their first success with Sakharov's rehabilitation.

I was at the February 1987 Moscow peace conference that Sakharov attended upon his return from Gorky. I caught up with him in the cloakroom as he was bundling up to go out into the cold. He granted a short interview in which he made the same critical remarks about the Russian presence in Afghanistan and human rights that he had tried to make from internal exile. Who would have thought that a little more than a year later, the Russians would be getting out of Afghanistan and that Sakharov would be supporting Gorbachev in his efforts in restructuring Russian society? Or, as he put it in *The New York Times*, "I think this kind of leader is needed in a great country at such a decisive moment in history."

Sakharov's unrepentant presence as a delegate at that conference had to be one of the most amazing moments in all Russian history. At the closing session, he was seated in the grand hall of the Kremlin about 30 rows back from the stage. Gorbachev was on the dais, listening intently, while Frank Von Hipple from Princeton, summarising the work of the scientists' group, ended by saying, "And most of all, I would particularly like to thank academician Sakharov for his participation on our panel." And I looked. There was Gorbachev on the stage and Sakharov in the audience. And the system didn't crumble.

Velikhov, as vice-president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, was instrumental in the opening to fellow academician Sakharov. But his goal is larger: to free Soviet science and scientists from the restraints of all political cant. Although a member of the Central Committee and a close adviser to Gorbachev who has accompanied the leader on all of his foreign trips, Velikhov insists on the need for a science independent of politics. When we talked about this after a lecture he had given at Moscow State University on the history of nuclear weapons, in which he admitted to disgust at having to use American data because Soviet data are still secret, he cited a peasant proverb: "Hair is a good thing, and soup is also a good thing; but when you mix the two, what you get is not good."

"What is your interest to have a war?" asks Arbatov, who says the historical identification of land, people and resources with power has been turned on its head.

"The Germans fought for *Lebensraum* [living space], and now they have the smallest *Lebensraum* in their history, and they are better off than ever," he says. "The Japanese have less territory with fewer resources than ever, and they are the fastest growing economy in the world."

As Deputy Foreign Minister Vladimir Petrovsky told me in the ornate foreign ministry headquarters, one of the wedding-cake buildings that Stalin ordered built, "Nowadays, the initial Leninist concept that we can prove the triumph of socialism only through our domestic policies is installed as an official policy." Stalin's building has remained, but his foreign policy is finally being dismantled. Petrovsky is one of those who had correctly predicted to me that the Russians would be leaving Afghanistan by the end of this year.

The change in Russian foreign policy is more profound than most people would seem to grasp. But most simply, it appears to signal the end of the era of Cold War. Or, as Ray Kidder, a physicist at the Livermore weapons laboratory in California, said, "The Soviets have let go of the rope in the weapons tug of war." They have done this not out of some new-found pacifism but out of a recognition that the weapons war has hit a strategic dead end.

Chernobyl ended the debate between those who thought you could have nuclear-war options and those who thought it meant the end of civilisation.

They know that there isn't anything you can do with the big nuclear guns that makes sense, and that their existence rules out conventional war between the super-powers. "The whole meaning of force changes now," Arbatov said. "You can have a lot of military force and you cannot use it. The only size of war where you can be successful is a Grenada-size war: anything bigger creates great problems. All of the intricate military strategies are built on a foundation of illusions, if you really analyse the fundamentals. How can the weapons be used, where does the present trend lead and what is your interest to have a war?"

This view was shared by Marshal Sergei F. Akhromeyev, chief of the Soviet general staff, who replied to my questions, "Today, the use of nuclear weapons is meaningless. No nation at present can strengthen its security by nuclear weapons. Mountains of nuclear weapons continue to grow. However, the security of the nuclear powers decreases." He also rejected the plausibility of any strategies for fighting limited nuclear war, arguing that the result of any use of nuclear weapons would mean "the entire humanity and the whole life on our planet would be annihilated." However much fun it had been for some of the Soviet war-gamers to fool around with "winnable" nuclear-war scenarios, the experience of Chernobyl took the fun away.

Nuclear-war planning, indeed, is a game until you have gone, as I did with Velikhov's aid, to Chernobyl. I was one of the first Western reporters allowed there, and it was profoundly sobering to go through the scores of checkpoints and washdown systems and the eerie landscape where clothes hang on lines never to be collected and children's toys lie scattered in the neat gardens to go forever unused.

As for the cancers the disaster has caused, no one quite knows the rules of death here. Are the fish in the river safe to eat? Maybe, if the sediment on the bottom is not disturbed by the current. Here, we can go with the Geiger counter, but there, beyond that barbed-wire fence, no one should ever go.

"With Chernobyl, we were able to mobilize the resources of the entire country," Velikhov told me upon my return from that ghastly area where one will for centuries be afraid to pick a flower, adding, "but a nuclear war involves many more frightening incidents, including the more devastating effects of blast and heat. So what could you do?"

Velikhov, the theoretical nuclear physicist, had come up against the reality of the destructive power of his science, and although he had never given much credence to nuclear-war-fighting scenarios, after Chernobyl, he was filled with contempt for such notions.

"After two weeks of discussion with the army corps," he said, "I asked, 'How do you wish to survive a nuclear war if you have no possibility to clean this small piece of nuclear garbage?'" He added, "Here we had no panic, but in nuclear war, you would have much. We had full access to support from all over the country, and only because of such access, we had tens of thousands of people working here. A soldier can be used for only 90 seconds in the hot place. After that, he is free for life from any [nuclear-related] duty; the same with pilots of the helicopters. It [the Soviet nuclear effort] cost thousands of people who are no longer able to work in this industry. Without this possibility to use the nation's resources, it would have been impossible to save the 135,000 people who were relocated. It didn't change my thinking about civil defence, because I never believed in it. But it opened the eyes of all people that civil defence is nonsense."

The impact of Chernobyl on Soviet nuclear thinking was profound. More than any other single event, Chernobyl prompted grave doubts within Russian policy-making circles over the wisdom of continuing to put faith in technological fixes. Nuclear science had somehow seemed pure and logical. Suddenly, Chernobyl opened a window

(continued on page 106)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HERBERT HESSELMANN

Picture postcard:

GREETINGS FROM RIO

Hallo, everybody! Is the sun shining where you are? Here in Brazil it's 32 degrees, great weather. We're all looking forward to enjoying ourselves at Carnivale, which is due to begin on 13 February. — so book now and join us!

GREETINGS FROM RIO

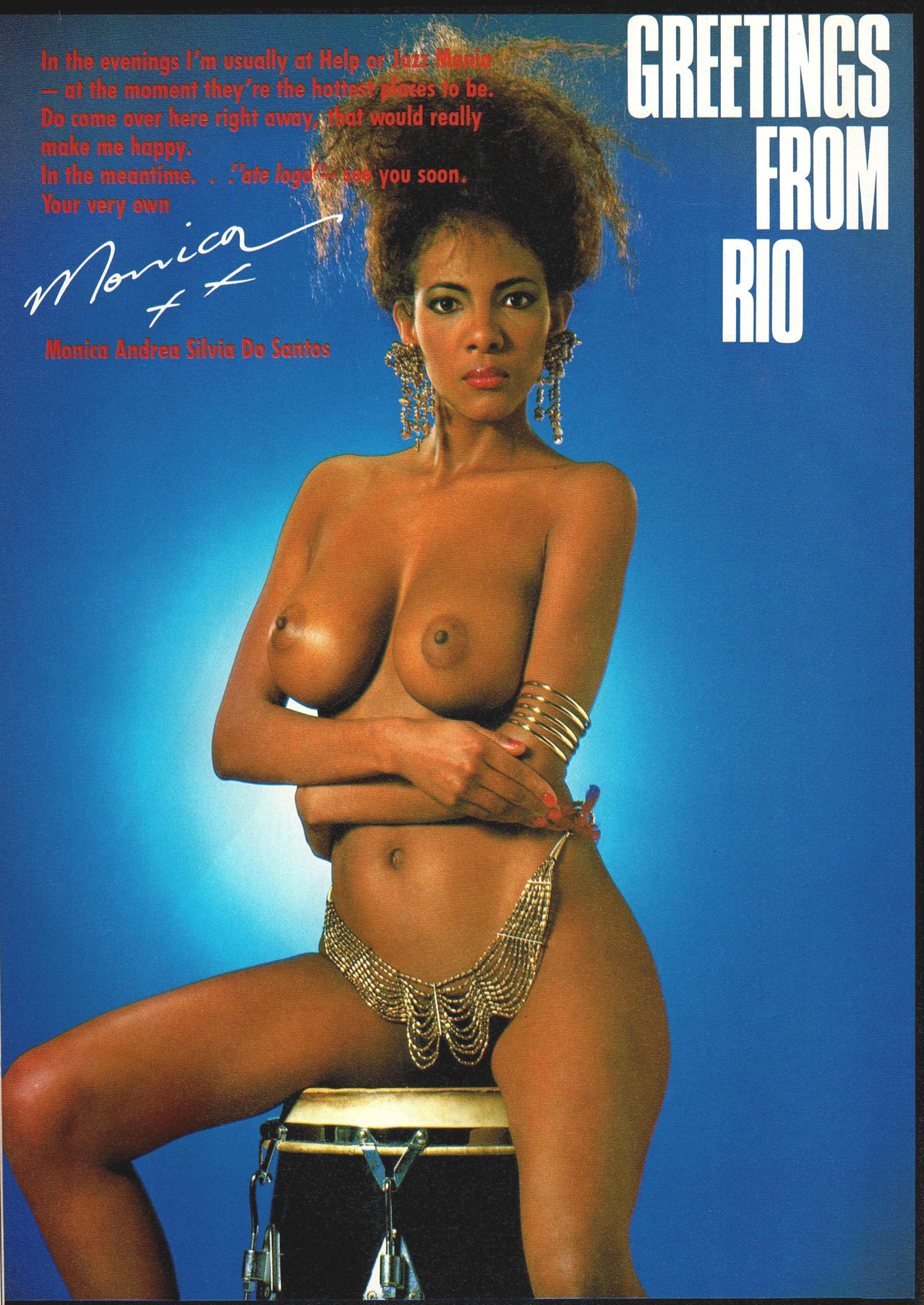
Please don't ask me if I'm working too hard, because at present it's simply too hot to do a stroke. Mostly I just lie on Copacabana all day long.

GREETINGS FROM RIO

In the evenings I'm usually at Help or Jazz Mania
— at the moment they're the hottest places to be.
Do come over here right away, that would really
make me happy.
In the meantime. . .*"ate logo!"* — see you soon.
Your very own

Monica

Monica Andrea Silvia Do Santos



GORBACHEV (continued from page 99)

As Gromyko, who has lived with many a Soviet hard-case leader, put it, behind Gorbachev's smile are teeth of steel.

through which could be glimpsed a vision of what nuclear war would bring.

Chernobyl ended the debate between those who thought you could have limited nuclear-war options and those who thought that the nuclear-arms race was leading inevitably to the end of civilisation. There was, of course, the additional fear fuelled by the Reagan administration's rhetoric about the winnability of nuclear war, which to the Russians meant that adults were no longer minding the American store. New costly challenges such as Star Wars, coupled with a sagging Soviet economy, prompted a re-examination of what power and security mean in the modern world. The result is, I feel, a growing realisation among the Russian leaders that being a modern nation does not depend upon having a certain number of troops and certain kinds of weapons; it is now possible to be a nuclear Gulliver and an economic Lilliputian.

How widespread is this view? In the West, you hear much talk among Russian experts about the opposition to Gorbachev from hard-liners. Perhaps. Who knows? It's still a closed society, and neither I nor the Kremlinologists are privy to the inner debates of the Politburo. But I tend to accept the assessment offered to me by Politburo member Aleksandr Yakovlev: "I cannot recollect any divergences on foreign policy: there is a very firm consensus, including the military." Without such a consensus, Gorbachev would not have been able to move as boldly as he has on arms control and Afghanistan.

The military people whom I interviewed corroborated that idea. In one session that took up the better part of an afternoon, I asked, perhaps once too often, if the Soviet military brass didn't really have a vested interest in keeping the urgency, self-importance and perks brought about by a heightened state of international tension. Surely, I argued with as much impertinence as I could muster, their very way of life in the military would be threatened.

General Yuri Lebedev, a no-nonsense member of the general staff, pounded impatiently on the table. "Our security depends on our people finding the same quantity and quality of goods in the stores as your people find!" he almost shouted. Lebedev, whom some Russian intellectuals regard as a hard-liner, insisted that arms-control agreements with the United States are part of *perestroika* and that it was the military who were behind the major proposals on cutting back arms. "During recent times, we have had to take into account that we have major problems to resolve — the food problem, reconstruction of our economy... We certainly understand that to carry out these tasks, we need resources, and these resources can be obtained through reducing military expenditures. We also have a problem with needing more workers, and in reducing weapons systems, we will have more workers to be hired in civil enterprises.

"We have to give the people an example that something is being changed, and the first sign of something being changed for a man in the street is the goods in the stores — goods that are available in the West. So we have a big job to do. But in waging *perestroika*, we are winning in a political and moral sense, and gaining our supporters in the West."

While the Russian reformers see a reduction of military competition with the West as a necessity of their domestic reconstruction, they do not foresee an end to competition on other fronts. There is, for example, a strongly stated position among those officials that improvements in the quality of Russian life and a move to a more flexible and pragmatic foreign policy will expose certain weaknesses in the US model of development. For instance, Yegor Yakovlev, editor in chief of *Moscow News*, one of the liveliest publications to emerge in the Gorbachev era, is convinced that the US military-industrial complex will actively seek to prevent an end to the arms race and that the more reasonable the Soviet posture, the more obtuse and warlike the American response.

This view was defended by Anatoly F. Dobrynin, the former ambassador to the United States, one night in a lengthy informal discussion in his imposing office at the Central Committee headquarters. Dobrynin, now a secretary of the Central Committee, speaks a Washington columnist's insider English and noted, "You know, this idea of a military-industrial complex was invented by General [Dwight D.] Eisenhower, not by us." And when I replied that surely a comparable complex must exist in the Soviet Union, Dobrynin, who had spent more than 25 years in Washington, smiled and said, "When our generals retire, they go fishing. They don't become vice-presidents of aerospace companies or lobbyists to the Kremlin. As to the military industry, instead of tanks, it can make cars. We need cars, and the profit will be the same, because we set the profit."

Will it work? That depends on a lot more than the intentions of the new elite. As to its intentions, I have little doubt. Gorbachev and his crowd believe that there is no alternative to sweeping changes, and they will attempt whatever is necessary to make their society a player in the modern world economy. But they had better be prepared to hang in there for the long haul, because the stagnation with which they are grappling has its fans. I refer not to the conspiracy theories of some Western observers who point to presumed blackguards in the Communist Party. Gorbachev has proved too tough and resilient to be done in by such plots, if they do exist. As Gromyko, who has lived with many a Soviet hard-case leader, put it, behind Gorbachev's smile are teeth of steel. He can play rough and has done so, and the current composition of the Politburo and Central Committee is largely of his design.

On another level, he has already been widely successful in ways that I don't think can easily be reversed. *Glasnost* has been introduced at a breath-taking pace, and as a result, the political and cultural norms of Soviet life have seriously been altered. A cowed population has been given its head and found it fun to be free. Of course I mean freer, for there is a long way to go to guaranteeing human rights in the Soviet Union. But it's still the difference between day and night compared with what was before. Three years ago, Western experts said that the Soviets would never introduce computers on a broad scale, because people could print and communicate on their own; now millions of computers are being introduced. One after another, the "You can't do thats" of the Kremlinologists have been refuted, whether it be in the cultural area, where once-banned books and movies have been put back on the shelves, or in the formation of thousands of private organisations, or protests against the abuse of the environment, national rights and even the war in Afghanistan. Lake Baikol was saved and the plan to reverse major rivers in the Soviet Union was stopped by environmentalists. And the Russians are disengaging from Afghanistan.

What makes one optimistic, ultimately, is less faith in the Russians, or in Gorbachev, than in a recognition that the world's evolution has made the Cold War more untenable for modern life. Secrecy, paranoia, militarism, chauvinism are all out of sync with the requirements of this new age, which is fluid, changeable, dependent on new information from all sources and internationalist. The new generation, with or without Gorbachev, was waiting, as Gerasimov put it, in the wings. The failed militarists of old, Japan and Germany, have shown the new way: power without military might.

If this sounds Utopian, bear in mind that Communists put a lot of stock in written declarations of purpose — manifestoes — whether by Hegel, Engels, Marx or Lenin. And here is what Gorbachev, the current head of the Soviet Communist Party, wrote: "It is no longer a question of whether [we] will continue the policy of *glasnost*... we need *glasnost* as we need the air... There is no present-day socialism, nor can there be, without democracy." Sounds like a manifesto to me.

LORDS OF THE FLY (continued from page 57)

As you'll often hear it said: "You'll never know till you give it a fly."

advanced strategies of streamcraft and fly-tying. He offers graduates of his schools and other visiting fly anglers a range of float-trips down prolific trout rivers like the Murray and Indi and Swampy Plains. Contact Mike on (060) 76 9496 or write to Mike Spry's Fly-fishing Schools, PO Box 7, Khancoban, NSW 2641.

The Australian Fly-fisherman tackle shop carries a comprehensive range of both salt-water and freshwater fly-fishing gear and is the only tackle shop in Australia devoted entirely to fly-fishing. Proprietors Andrew Brzoz and Ross Salvato also import and distribute fly-tying gear and run fly-fishing schools within the Sydney metropolitan area. Contact Andrew or Ross on (02) 360 2830 or call in at the shop at 143 Bayswater Road, Rushcutters Bay, NSW 2011.

WHERE YOU CAN FLY-FISH

For trout and salmon

There are literally thousands of kilometres of streams carrying brown and rainbow trout, right through the alpine regions of NSW and Victoria, and South Australian anglers find good trout in the Onkaparinga river and Lake Inchiquin. Even Western Australia offers good trout fishing in its hardwood forest waters.

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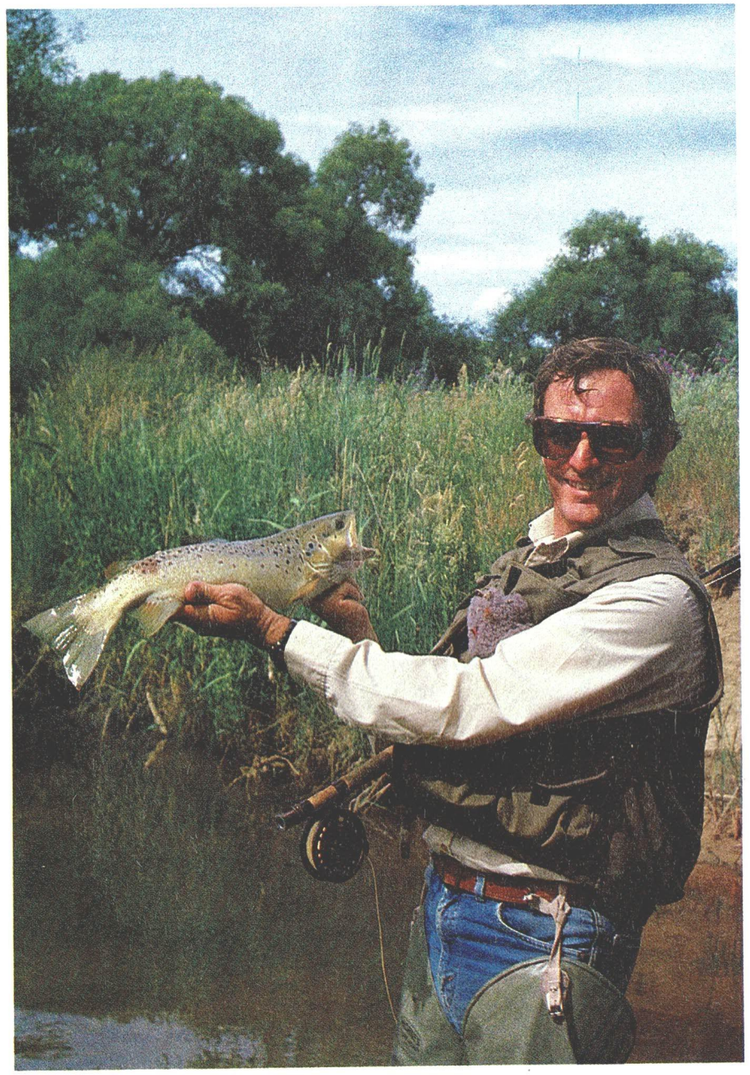
New Zealand doesn't only have the world's best mutton, butter and scenery, it boasts trout and salmon of truly frightening proportions. The next 5kg trout to be caught in New Zealand won't be the first, or last, and the Quinnat salmon run to better than 14kg, often with all your fly-line and a good deal of your self-esteem.



Our intrepid author demonstrates that he knows what he's talking about.

Then there's all those other fish

Aside from the Australian native freshwater fish like bass, perch and cod, there are all those other saltwater screamers.

Any estuary around Australia's entire coastline can turn on fly-eating fish. These can be as mild-mannered as bream and whiting in the south, or as electrifying as barramundi and any of a dozen different species of trevally in the tropical north.

Some intrepid anglers wave saltwater fly-rods over metre-long mackerel in Western Australia, even from the dizzying height of oceanic cliffs like Steep Point and Quobba Station. Swoffers in the Northern Territory match brain and brawn with barramundi, threadfin salmon and mangrove jacks, and often have stupefying battles with hook-ups that could be anything from giant cod to sharks and even crocodiles.

Still, the real attraction of fishing the fly in salt water is that it opens up your local patch of estuary and bay water, and I don't know too many people who wouldn't get a buzz out of using this satisfying fishing method to catch fish close to home. As you'll often hear it said, "You'll never know, till you give it a fly. . ."

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The best fly-fishing destinations around Australia are now available through the co-operation of FINZ Fishing Tours, Townhouse Travel and Australian Airlines, who together have gathered the cream of Australian guided fishing into a series of packaged fishing trips to suit every taste and budget.

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MIKE GIBSON

(continued from page 33)

You see a lot of managers and promoters wearing Rolex watches but you don't see too many fighters wearing them.

it had all been a bit of a joke.

PLAYBOY: Is there still a bit of a pong about the Australian boxing scene?

GIBSON: It'll always be dirty to some extent. I've got a lot of admiration for the fighters who give it their all, but I haven't got as much admiration for some of the people who handle the game. You see a lot of managers and promoters wearing Rolex watches but you don't see too many fighters wearing them.

PLAYBOY: How far can Fenech go?

GIBSON: As far as he wants to. He's got a lot of animal in him and he's a strong kid. I hope his attitude stays right. I hope he remembers that people don't particularly want to hear him up in the ring saying he "did it for youse", and with a broken hand to boot. He should understand that no one really cares about that. If he wants to get in the ring with a broken hand that's his business. He's still a kid and I know it's hard to contain your emotions, but I'd really like to see him knuckle down and save his energy for the gym. He's such a good fighter because he's wild and crazy, but that's also his problem.

PLAYBOY: But couldn't you say that about every boxer who ever fought?

GIBSON: Yeah, that's right. You can't expect a guy to behave like a wild animal in the ring and then go home and eat with a knife and fork and uncork a nice bottle of red.

PLAYBOY: Apart from Fenech, do you see much future for Australian boxing?

GIBSON: It's pretty much a one-man band. Troy Waters is a good fighter with a mean streak in him, but the other Waters boys are just lovely fellas. It's not much good being a nice boxer. I don't think the other Waters boys have got much of a future and I think if I was Ces Waters I'd retire them and get them behind Troy and see if they can take him to a world title. Boxing in this country was dying until Jeff Fenech gave it the kiss of life and after he goes it'll probably start dying again. See, boxers come out of hard times. I don't see too many coming out of this environment.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever play much sport?

GIBSON: I played just about every game you could think of but I never showed much talent. But I always dreamed of playing for Australia. I told Ken Rosewall on several occasions that his greatest mistake was playing doubles with Lew Hoad when I was available. These days I've got a big dog that takes me for a walk every day. I'd like to have a horse but when you live where I do... I play tennis once or twice a week. I used to play cards a lot but my new job precludes me from going to bed at 4am. I'm not a very physical person. A few years ago I realised that it was wonderful not to feel pain. I used to jog and do all that sort of thing and always had sore legs and ankles. As soon as I stopped exercising I felt terrific. Never felt better in my life. I just cut back on eating a little.

PLAYBOY: Is this your message for *Playboy* readers? Hugh Hefner would love you.

GIBSON: Yeah, it's my message. Play the games you enjoy. The main thing is to stay happy. I can't see the point of dropping dead on the jogging track. Every Sunday morning here at the Rowers [*Mosman Rowing Club*) they have a sick parade and sometimes they might hoist a few for some bloke who's killed himself playing squash or tennis. Now these other blokes are all healthy blokes with big beer guts and do they drink! People talk about drinking yourself to death but I don't know how you'd do it. I've watched guys try really hard and it can't be done. Look around you. There's a lot more 70-year-old drunks than there are 70-year-old joggers. It's always the worriers who drop dead and most of 'em have bugger-all to worry about.

PLAYBOY: Does anything worry you?

GIBSON: No, not a lot. I know if things go crook I can pick up a piece of paper and write something. I don't think I've ever had a worry in my life because very early on my wife helped me to see the importance of the written word. Whether it's a magazine article or book or the television news or a soapie, they all rely on the written word, and if you're a facile writer you're gonna make a buck.

PLAYBOY: But you've been rich and you've been poor...

GIBSON: At one stage we lived on baked beans and toast. Helen and I had a large family rather quickly so, yeah, we were poor.

PLAYBOY: Which do you prefer: rich or poor?

GIBSON: It makes no difference. I actually eat less now. I've got the same clothes, the same lifestyle, the same friends, follow the same football team. One good thing is I sit up the front of the plane so I get my meal while they're still hot. I remember it was pretty shithouse up the back.

PLAYBOY: We were talking about health and fitness. Now, be honest — how do you feel when you read descriptions of yourself like "balding and overweight", and "totally devoid of glamour"?

GIBSON: Oh, I've got a great sense of humour and I get a shock sometimes when I hear that someone has been upset about something I've said about them. It's because I'm impervious to insult. If you look like me I suppose you have to be. I've never had

"It's our responsibility to preserve the best of the sexual revolution. Not the conflict, not the rhetoric, not the extremes. What we must preserve is the sex."

much hair and what little I've had I've always combed it forward so they don't make me have a hair transplant.

PLAYBOY: But it's the miracle of the age — you're not getting any balder.

GIBSON: That's right, I'm not changing at all. I still have the same remarkable lack of appeal to members of the opposite sex, I'm still battling my waistline. I was having a chat to Graham Kennedy the other day and naturally the conversation turned to hair transplants. He said he was worried they'd make him have one, but actually there's a bit of rebellion going on because you look at the blokes who've had them — Bert Newton, Mike Walsh — where are they now? Brian Henderson might be the exception but I reckon that people like to look at people who look like them, who look normal. Having a hair transplant is not a normal thing to do. It's expensive and I believe it's very painful. In many cases it looks quite bizarre.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps people who watched *Bandstand* in 1962 expect Brian Henderson to look older and balder in 1988.

GIBSON: Well, I've got this theory about why Hendo is so successful and I think I'm right. It's that people like to switch on their televisions every night and see him look the same as he did in 1962. It reassures them that they're not getting any older. It's like a trip through a time tunnel.

PLAYBOY: Does getting older annoy you?

GIBSON: No, it doesn't worry me except that sometimes I think, gee, I might only be alive for another 10 or 15 years. It's impossible for me to believe that I'm 48 years old. I've always felt that I was 18 because so little has changed in my life. I've still got the same mates, we still drink the same beer and we still talk the same rubbish about the horses we backed that should have won. Nothing has changed except that I'm 48 and my dad died when he was 63. My father and I were great mates but I was always a kid and he was an old man. I think all that has changed now. The '70s really did away with that generation gap thing. I can go to movies or shows with my kids and we talk the same language and we wear the same clothes, although their jeans might be a few sizes smaller than mine. The music has changed too. My dad liked Bing Crosby and I grew up on Elvis Presley but by the '70s the whole family listened to Fleetwood Mac and the Eagles. Now we're all into Bruce Springsteen.

PLAYBOY: Was covering the Seoul Olympics part of what induced you to TEN?

GIBSON: Not really. I kind of felt I'd had enough of sport for a while, but part of the deal with TEN was that I'd do "special events". To tell you the truth I've never been all that interested in the Olympics in the past. They haven't seemed fair dinkum for a long while. The Russians didn't go to LA, the Yanks didn't go to Moscow and the Games in Montreal were totally forgettable. This time, though, I've got a feeling it's going to be pretty special. It doesn't look like there'll be any boycotts and just the extent of our coverage is very exciting. We're taking something like 130 people up there.

PLAYBOY: What are you looking foward to most?

GIBSON: Oh, the whole thing. Seeing the athletes, seeing the country. Korea is the economic miracle of Asia and I think we'll find plenty of interesting stories about the place and its people as well as the event.

PLAYBOY: Was leaving the Nine Network a hard decision for you to make?

GIBSON: Yes and no. It was hard leaving my friends but it shouldn't be hard to leave your job. You should be able to give it your best shot all day and then just walk away from it. I've never felt that your job should be a family thing. I mean, I've got my real family and my family of drunks down here at the Rowers, I don't need another one. And I also believe in following your heart rather than your head. If you listened to your head you'd have a very dull life.

(from page 18)

Are you entrepreneur material? Just tot up your scores and check 'em out below.

SCORING KEY

	A	B	C	D
1.	2	2	2	10
2.	5	6	8	10
3.	6	3	0	10
4.	3	2	0	10
5.	0	8	5	10
6.	8	0	1	10
7	0	2	2	10
8.	2	2	2	10
9.	5	2	1	10
10.	7	9	8	10
11.	2	1	0	10
12.	0	0	0	10
13.	3	4	1	10
14.	3	0	0	10
15.	0	0	0	10

INTERPRETATION

Scores between 125 and 150. You are definitely headed for success. Stay out of prison and you could become a real-life J.R. Ewing.

Scores between 100 and 125. You've got the basic building blocks, but not the killer instinct. Work on it.

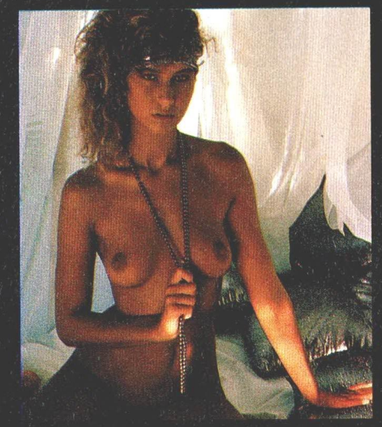
Scores between 75 and 100. Hope for an inheritance, you will never get rich any other way.

Scores below 74. Forget an inheritance, you would probably squander it anyway. Take up yoga.

Next Month

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: THE WORLD'S MOST NOTORIOUS POLITICAL FIGURE, **YASIR ARAFAT** — EXCLUSIVE!

MALE RITES OF PASSAGE: AN HILARIOUS LOOK AT THE PROBLEMS BOYS FACE WHEN BECOMING MEN — REMEMBER THE EMBARRASSMENT OF YOUR FIRST UNWANTED ERECTION?



Emmanuelle

THE LAST BUFFALO KILL: AN AMAZING PHOTO ESSAY DEPICTING THE PASSING OF A WAY OF LIFE IN THE NORTHERN TERRITORY.

EMMANUELLE VI: A STUNNING PICTORIAL OF NATHALIE UHER, THE NEW EMMANUELLE — AND THE SEXIEST ONE YET!

THE SECOND COMING OF JESSICA HAHN: THIS TIME SHE'S FOUND THE WORLD CAN BE A BRIGHT FUN PLACE TO BE.

Playing the thin game

FRANTIK

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY'S

summer fashion

PREVIEW

The biggest influence on the Australian men's fashion scene is the Australian life-style. No, it's not the pressure to compete with Europe, or a developing sense of higher style, it's the simple fact that we have an outdoor, no-nonsense approach to life.

Consequently this year, the designers played it safe. As one of them said, "I am in the business of making clothes — not chasing aesthetic illusions."

As always, the "look" is whatever you want to wear. You can buy retro clothes from St Vinnies and still be in fashion if you put them together well. But if you want to draw on more current trends, then there are three basic stories repeating themselves throughout the designers whose work I saw.

The "marine" look is everywhere — blue and white, crew-neck tie shirts, knitted tops and loafer shoes: easy to put together; easy to look after; goes well with the yacht!

Another very strong theme this summer is the "hot climate" look. Colours are browns, beige and cream, in fabrics like linen and cotton. Over the years, this look has been called the jungle or safari or colonial look, but basically it's about comfortable, loose-fitting clothes in neutral shades of colour, which again makes it easy to put together.

The third predominant story is in suiting.

With the influence of films like Wall Street, and a swing back to a more formal way of being, suits are here to stay. The choice is getting bigger, with a variety of fabric, weight, colour and texture. The striped shirt is not about to relent either — with no-holds-barred on how outrageous you want your tie to be.

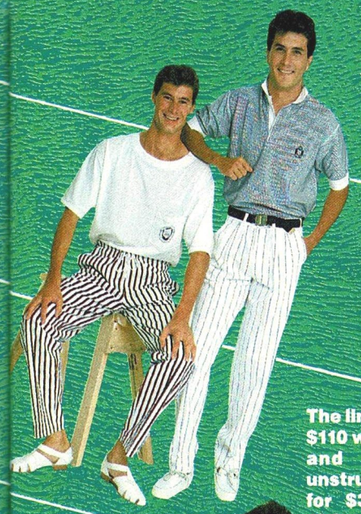
Summer '88 — it's more about getting comfortable, relaxed and you looking good, rather than your clothes looking good because they have a radically new design element about them.

Something bright and alive to say "Summer": his shirt is from Joe Bananas, her outfit is from George Cross.

Marine

Navy and white, a timeless summer look. There's a wide variety of fabrics to choose from. Some lightweight knits are very easy to wear and look after. The cut is loose and baggy, with varying length shorts all the go. Various sailor's caps help accentuate the look, and take some of the pressure off constant summer hair care.

△ A knitted co-ordinate by Joe Bananas: the top is $120 and the shorts are $90.



◁ Left: Cotton pants are $70 and top $60, both by Seed. Right: Striped pants for $65 and top for $59, from Daniel Hechter.

The linen shorts are $110 with shirt, $90, and a loose, unstructured jacket for $360, all from JAG. ▽

◁ Left: Cotton drill trousers for $61, a knitted top for $69 and a blouson jacket $166, all by the latest label to sweep Australia — Blue. Right: A similar look from Najee, with pants for $99, top for $49 and jacket for $159.

◁ Told you there were three basic stories around this year! This is the Sportscraft version of the Marine Look, with top, $49, and shorts, $90. The cap is from Vic Cooper for $24.

Suits

The cut in suiting hasn't changed so much, but technology has developed some synthetic fibres that make suit maintenance much easier. Striped shirts and loud ties make for a formal appearance, but even business suits can look quite cool with a casual top or even T-shirt and sandals (no socks).

A very baggy look ▷ from Seed — you can dress it up or down with accessories: the suit is $300 [a good price for the garment] and the silk shirt is $120.

△ Part of the Power Dressing range of suits from Najee [very *Wall Street*]: the wool-blend suit is $499, the tie-yourself bow tie is $55 and the shirt, $89. The leather-trimmed braces, which really make the look, are $50.

A strong but understated look: ▷ the double-breasted blazer is by Yves St Laurent [who have changed the basic shape of their jacket] for $295 and the knitted top by Sportscraft is $125. The pants are also Sportscraft for $115.

◁ Very sharp look, created by a buttoned-up black shirt for $120 and a linen suit for $720, both by Cavalli.

Casual elegance in a Joe Bananas linen suit for $480 with a silk shirt for $90. Her outfit is from George Cross. ▽

hot-climate limote

The hot-climate look is about comfort and more for daytime than night. Browns and beiges were cut out for a while so now they are back in. The fabrics, such as linen and cotton, require a little more care as they crush easily. Tom Wolfe, one of America's leading arbiters of style, maintains that you can't really wear a linen suit for more than eight hours without a repress.

△ Left: A soft linen jacket for $350 with matching long or short pants for $200 and a raw silk shirt for $160, all from Joe Bananas. Right: A similar look from JAG, with jacket for $290, knitted top $70 and elasticated shorts for $90.

△ Right: A no-nonsense comfortable look — a sweating T-shirt for $79 and drill cotton trousers for $65 [pants are good value], from Blue. Left: Drill pants, $79, jacket, $190, and top for $55, from J. Jackson Corp.

For the more confident dresser, a very colonial look from Najee: the jodphur pants are $99, the top, $89, and jacket, $170. She is dressed by George Cross. ▷

◁ More good value suiting from Seed: this cotton suit is $220, the shirt, with embroidered ducks running down the button strip, is $84.

More casuals from Sportscraft: the jacket is $200, the pants, $90, and the shirt, $75. She is dressed by George Cross.

CAVALLI

NSW: — Cavalli, Oxford St, Paddington; Mid-City Centre; Chatswood Chase.
Qld: — Model Boutique, Myer Centre, Cnr. Albert & Elizabeth St, Brisbane.
SA: — Gravity, Unley Road, Malvern, Adelaide.
Vic: — Domino Menswear, Toorak Rd, Melbourne; Monetti Oumo, Chadstone Centre, Chadstone.
WA: — Ferrari Sport, Shafto Lane, Hey Street, Perth.

DANIEL HECHTER

Tony Barlow Menswear stores and David Jones Australia-wide.

J. JACKSON CORP

NSW: — J. Jackson Corp Shops, Darling Harbour, Oxford St, Darlinghurst, QVB, and Victoria Ave, Chatswood; Operator, Oxford St, Paddington.
Qld: — J. Jackson Corp, Myer Centre, Brisbane; Operator, Myer Centre, Brisbane; Heroics, Surfers Paradise.
SA: — Denim Iniquity, Adelaide.
Vic: — J. Jackson Corp, Chapel St, Melbourne.
WA: — Village Gate, Hyde Park; Odd Bods, Scarborough.

JOE BANANAS

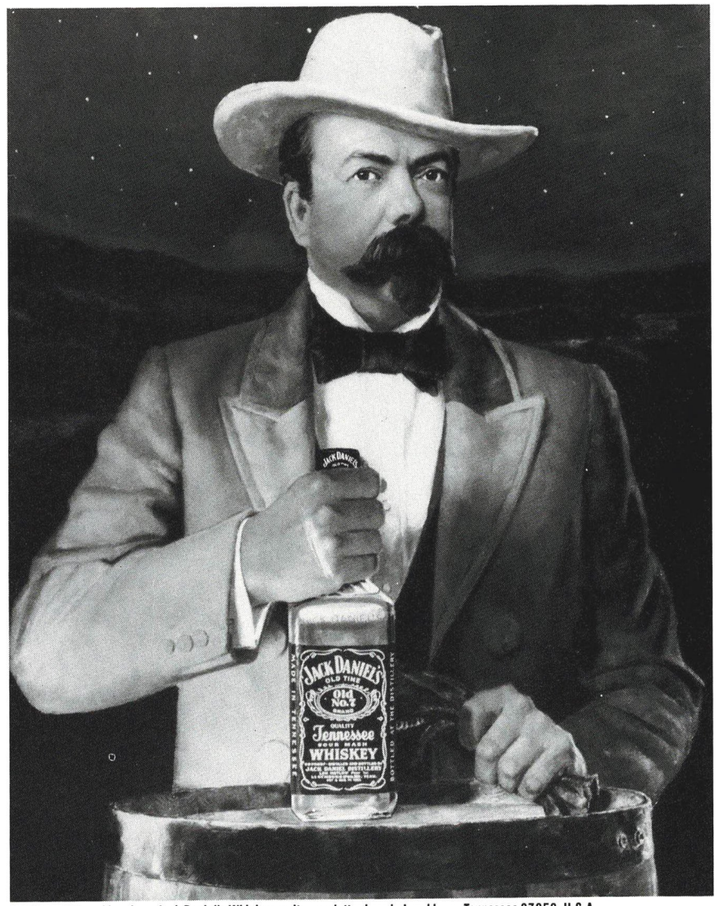
NSW: — Joe Bananas Design Shop, QVB; Pauls Menswear, Hurstville; Meijo, Burwood; Jon & Don, Chinatown
Qld: — Joe Bananas Design Shop, Rapti's Plaza; Manifest, Surfers Paradise; Playtime, Townsville.
SA: — Durant, Hindley St; Beige, Twin St; Gravity, Malvern.
Vic: — Joe Bananas Design Shop, Collins St; Zeggi L'Uomo, Malvern; Menz Mode, Northland and Footscray; Terry Lees, Preston.
WA: — Viggi for Men, Claremont; Breakers, Murray Street; Europa Sport, Fremantle.

NAJEE

ACT: — Centre Point Shopping Centre, Canberra.
NSW: — Royal Arcade, Pitt St, QVB, George St; 17 Cross St, Double Bay; Shopping World, North Sydney; Bondi Plaza; Chatswood Chase; Bankstown Square.
Qld: — Wintergarden, Brisbane; Toowong Village; Garden City Shopping Centre; The Galleria, Surfers Paradise.
SA: — Rundle Mall, Adelaide.
Tas: — 53 Murray St, Hobart.
Vic: Elizabeth St, and Swanston St, Melbourne; Chapel St and Shop 122, Jam Factory, South Yarra; Burke Road, Camberwell. Glenferrie Rd, Malvern; Puckle St, Moonee Ponds. Sydney Rd, Coburg. White Horse Plaza; Northland Shopping Centre; Highpoint Shopping Centre; Chadstone Shopping Centre; Doncaster Shopping Centre; Geelong Market Square.
WA: — Cnr. Barrack & Hay St, Perth.

SEED CLOTHING

NSW: — Alto Ego, QVB & Darling Harbour; Concept, Oxford St & Liverpool St, Darlinghurst; Lord John, Double Bay; Canoro, Royal Arcade.
Qld: — Playtime, Townsville; Reefers for Men, Cairns; Darrin's Menswear, Palm Beach; Blue, Brisbane (Wintergarden).
SA: — Toovey & Morris, Glenelg; Kerleys Menswear, Adelaide.
Vic: — Vogue for Men, Werribee, South Yarra; Umano, South Yarra; Threads, South Yarra; Gianni for Men, Brunswick.



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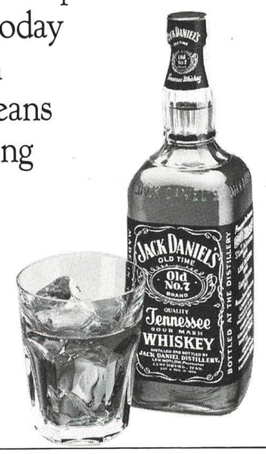

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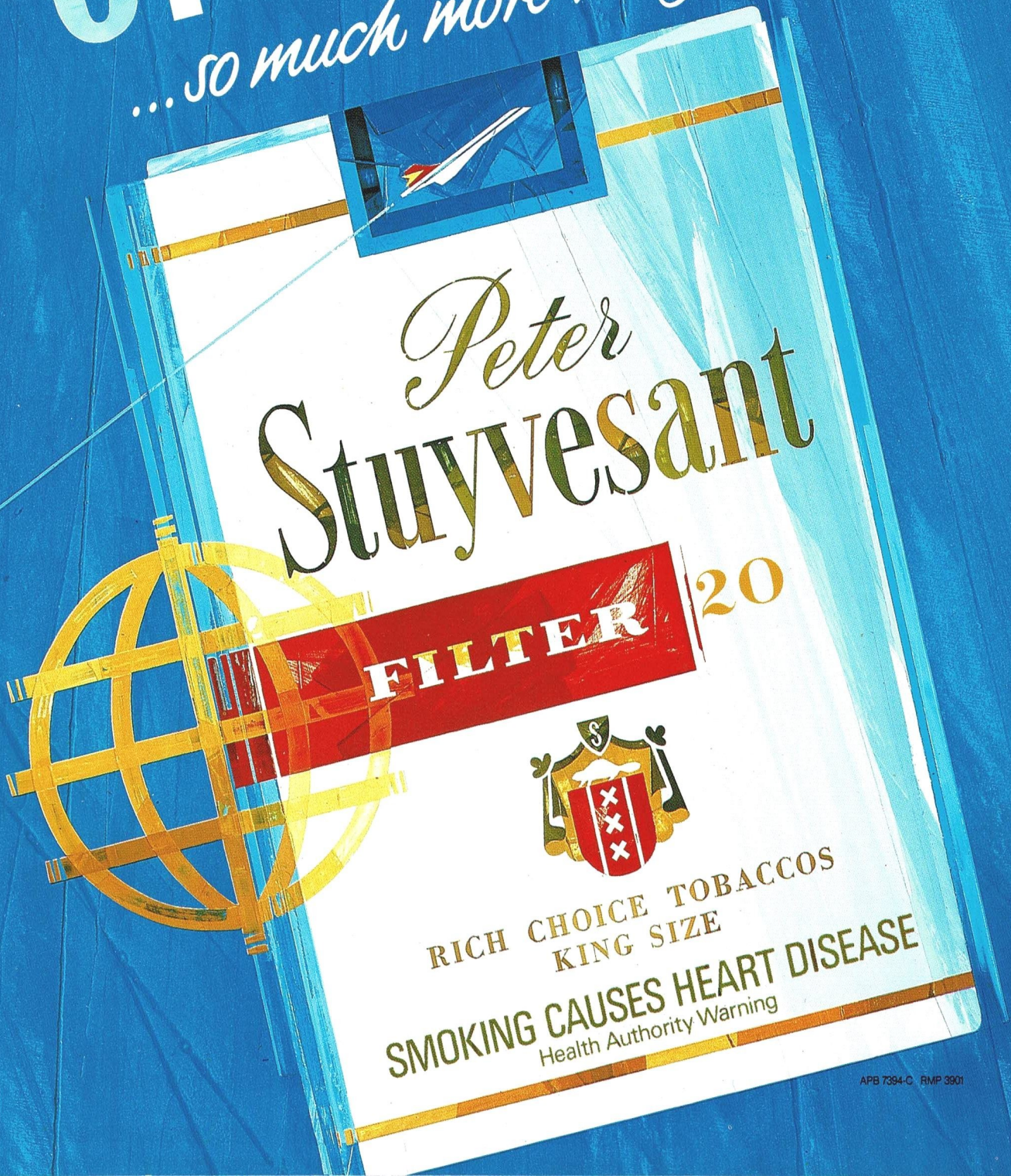

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